

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

FIRESIDE PREACHER

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, PUBLISHER, 428 BROADWAY.—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 14.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 378.

THE TELEGRAPH AND PREACHER.

PRICE:	
One Year, strictly in advance (if registered at the risk of publisher),	\$2 00
Six Months,	1 00
Three Months,	50
Club Price of 10 or upward, per annum,	1 50
To City Subscribers, if delivered,	2 50
Single Copies,	5
To Patrons in Canada, (with postage prepaid),	2 50
" Cuba, " " " " " " " " " " " "	3 00
" Mexico, " " " " " " " " " " " "	3 00
" South America, " " " " " " " " " " " "	3 00
" Europe, " " " " " " " " " " " "	3 00

Advertising, 12½ cents per line.

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Our contemporaries of the Press who would like to have this paper sent to them, are reminded that the special themes to which these columns are chiefly devoted, are such as to render secular papers of little value to us. Nevertheless we shall be happy to send this paper to all journals which come to us with an occasional notice or extract, marked.

This paper is hospitable to every earnest thought, respectfully expressed, but is responsible for none except those of its editor.

The best remittance from foreign countries is American bills, if they can be obtained; the second is gold, inclosed in letters. Our friends abroad can have this paper as regular as those around us, by giving full address and prompt remittances, and we respectfully solicit their patronage. Small sums may be remitted in postage stamps.

SERMONS

BY
REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER,

AND
EDWIN H. CHAPIN, D.D.,

ARE PUBLISHED VERBATIM IN THIS PAPER, EVERY TUESDAY AFTER THEIR
DELIVERY.

For Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon, Sunday evening last, see pages 164 and 165.

Spirit and Clairvoyant Mediums in New York.

Mrs. E. J. FRENCH, 8 Fourth-avenue, Clairvoyant and Healing Physician for the treatment of diseases. Hours, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Electro-Medicated baths given.

Dr. HUSSEY, Healing Medium, has just removed from the West, and will remain permanently in this city. His rooms are at 155 Green-street.

Alexander N. REDMAN, Test Medium, 170 Bloeker-street.

Mrs. BRADLEY, Healing Medium, 109 Greene-street.

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Mrs. BECK, 351 Sixth Avenue, three doors below Twenty-second street, Trance, Speaking, Rapping, Tipping and Personating Medium.

J. B. CONKLIN, Test Medium, 409 Broadway. Hours, daily, from 7 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.; in the evening, from 7 to 10.

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Mrs. HAYES, the most successful Medical Clairvoyant in America, can be consulted, day and evening at 327 Broome-street near Bowery, New York city.

Dr. JOHN SORR, Healing Medium, No. 36 Bond-street, may be seen at all hours of the day and evening.

Mrs. E. J. MALONE, Trance, Speaking, Writing and Personating Medium, may be seen at 167 9th Avenue. Circles Wednesday evenings, and will attend private circles when desired.

Where the "Telegraph" may be had.

Our friends in the lower part of the city, who purchase weekly single copies of the TELEGRAPH, and who may find it inconvenient to call at our office, can purchase the paper of Dexter & Co., 113 Nassau-street; Ross & Towsey, 121 Nassau-street; or Hendrickson, Blake & Long, 23 Ann-street; and at Munson's, No. 5 Great Jones-street.

DISCOURSE BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

DELIVERED AT DODWORTH'S ACADEMY, SUNDAY EVENING, June 2.

We have devoted the Sabbath evenings preceding this one to a series of discourses upon various scientific subjects, embracing the general principles embodied in the positive sciences. Our object to-night is not to confine ourselves to the didactic requirements of positive science, but to venture beyond that into a sphere, not of speculative science, but of something which it belongs to the mind alone to comprehend, as deduced from the various parts of physical science. Our theme to-night is the Science of Life, a very general one, we admit, but which we will endeavor to render particular.

A science signifies a power of embodying, through absolute knowledge, the principles of any known living existence. The science of astronomy means the science of the stars; everything that belongs to the stars is embodied in that science—their movements, the laws which control them, their size, density, diameter—everything is embodied in the science of astronomy. The science of geology belongs to the record of the past history of the earth, and everything which refers to that and its existing present condition is embodied in the science of geology. The science of chemistry, as an especial and particular department of geology, belongs to the analysis of the elementary component principles in matter. The science of life is the science of everything that pertains to animated nature. Particular science of life, or the science of any particular form of life, embraces, first, the principles that embody this creation or existence; secondly, their adaptation to particular purposes; thirdly, their uses and destiny.

Every department of animated nature, therefore, has its own life; for life means to exist. Inanimate life belongs to the mineral kingdom; animated life belongs to the vegetable and animal kingdoms; general life belongs to everything which has form or shape or substance; therefore there is not a particle of matter in all this vast universe of matter, that is not alive. There is no place, no condition, no power, no principle in all creation that is not life. Death is said to have an existence in nature. Decay, destruction, annihilation—those are relative terms and do not belong to the vocabulary of positive science. There is no such thing as death. There is no such principle as annihilation. There is no such power as decay. There is one of the positive principles of life, and that is change. Where death exists there is no growth, no change; and if there was a place in all God's universe where death resided, there would be a place where there could be no change; and if there was such a place, its influence would be diffused throughout the whole, and in all of what is called living, breathing substance, in all of matter, there would be no life, no existence.

This is life. Now for the special departments of life. We shall refer, in our present theme, not to mineral life, which belongs to the sphere of geology, not to the past history of life, which belongs also to that science, nor to birds, animals, or trees, except as illustrations; our theme to-night is the science of Human Life. Not physiology, which treats of the formation of the nerves, muscles and sinews, and tells you how many bones you have in your bodies, whence originates the circulation of the blood, its power in your existence—those the science of physiology and anatomy tell you; but the science of Human Life, that consciousness in human existence which permits it to understand and know that it is alive.

Life evidences: first, a power, the cause of life; secondly, a thing to live; and thirdly, an object to live for. The cause of life is called Deity. Who or what he is, no one, since time began, has been enabled to understand, or tell, or solve; what his dwelling-place, his name, his form is, no one can tell; he is called God, Deity, Lord, Jehovah, the embodiment of all life, everywhere—for the spirit of life is everywhere present in the human form, or in the particular department of which we shall speak to-night. That life is conscious; that is, you know that you are alive, you say. How do you know it? why? you have five senses which tell you so. Are those five senses reliable? can you understand from them any more of life than all the surrounding substances of life will give you? How do you know that those substances are alive? If you touch them, they are material; if you see them, they may move; you see trees move, animals move, you see all animated nature alive. How do you know that you are alive here to-night, that you think, and move, and breathe, and exist? How can you prove that you ever were created as a living, breathing thing, or that you will ever pass away, or that there is the slightest reality in your present existence? Now, it may be supposed by you that we are venturing into the transcendental, but we can prove by the absolute conditions of matter, that unless there is a principle outside or superior to matter, you do not exist. What is matter? A substance which is known to exist by you through the evidence of your senses, which is told you by your intellect. What is animal life? A condition of physical substance or matter which exists without any special form or object but to form the greatness of the earth's surface. What is animated life? The result and outgrowth of inanimate life—so say the philosophers—which exists in consequence of the progression of atomic principles and powers, or is ranged in a higher condition of existence.

What is human life? The scientific man will tell you human life is the apex of the whole creation, the combined elements of all that ever existed. If animated life is the result of inanimate life, there is an inconsistency in the order of creation. If there is any form in nature, any form of the mineral kingdom which is not animated with life, no animated life can grow out of it; there can be no production of animated life; life can never proceed from death. There is no such thing as one principle producing a second principle which is not in accordance with it. If inanimate nature is dead, animated nature is dead; you are dead. If you are dead, you are not alive, you can not think and breathe; you have not five senses; you have not nerves, muscles; you have not a brain; you have not a heart which beats; you can not think; you are not here now; you are dead; you never were, for this vast universe is not in existence; you are dreaming; it is not a reality; you can not be alive.

But if what is called inanimate nature lives, has embodied in its existence principles of life; if matter is really alive, matter has an existence from virtue of that life, then all outgrowths of matter are alive, and every condition of matter is alive, and every change of matter is but another form of life, and every production of matter is constant, unceasing, perfect life, and you, as human beings, are alive. In your veins throb the pulsations of life, in your heart is the motor power of life, in your brain is the thought of life, in your soul the appreciation, the exaltation, the aspiration of life; you are all alive.

The science of inanimate life is the silent, yet constant reproduction of itself. The science of animated nature is the perfect, constant reproduction and advancement of itself. Wherever you see animated life, or organized life, there you will see reproduction; wherever there is reproduction, there is intelligence or consciousness; wherever there is consciousness, there is power of conceiving the condition of its life. The wild-flower which seems to grow from the absolute necessities of its condition, has consciousness, intelligence of the power of life, and positive science of life which strictly belongs to itself, and which in its own nature, it understands.

Let us see: The small seed which is wafted by the winds from shore to shore, or is planted in the soil, seems to have no life; it is dead to all appearance. Place it within the soil; exclude the atmosphere from coming in contact with it; and presently the tender seed will unfold and seem to die, whilst from its heart will seem to spring a tiny shoot that stretches up toward the light, which parts the soil from above it, and catches a glimpse of sunlight; then absorbing the sun's rays, the chemical properties of the atmosphere, and the strength of the soil, it grows upward and upward until it reaches its blossom. Then forth from that tiny shoot, that stem and leaf, which seems to have no elements of blossom or bloom in its nature, there springs a beautiful flower, tinted with rays absorbed from the sunshine, perfect, more perfect than an artist's pencil, beautiful, divine and glorious. But soon the leaves drop, the flower fades away, the perfume vanishes; but in that small calyx is left, not one seed, but a hundred, which, when planted, when the spring-time again comes, will produce, not one flower of its kind, but one hundred or one thousand flowers. Is not there a science, a philosophy of life, an intelligence which causes that flower strictly to understand and appropriate to itself and its purposes all the conditions by which it is surrounded? A stone planted there never would grow. There is nothing in the soil that will make a stone grow; there is nothing in the sunshine that will make a stone grow; there is nothing in the rain-drops that will make a stone grow; there must have been some intelligence in that little seed that caused it to spring forth, to bud, to blossom and yield a fruition in its own kind.

So in animated nature, the bear of the forest, which seems to have no intelligence, and nothing to control its action, first, has a desire for procreation, secondly, for the protection of its offspring, and all the ingenious devices which an intelligent mother could conceive, are adopted by that bear to protect her young. Shelter, food, all are prepared; there is intelligence—intelligence of life—adapted to the condition in which it lives, resulting from its own inherent life, and not from any outside condition. The leaves of the forest-tree do not give the bear intelligence; the food upon which it lives does not give it intelligence; the rain and the sunshine, and all with which it is surrounded, do not give it intelligence; those exist for everything and everywhere, but the bear has in his own constitution an original stock of intelligence which belongs exclusively to itself, which it appropriates to its own uses and destinies. That is the science of the bear's life.

We follow, then, the vegetable and animal kingdom through each and every department, and we find this chain of universal life, a chain of universal life perfect in every department. We find that all is traceable to intelligence and not to matter; we find that bears and trees do not grow alike, though both bears and trees have sunshine and rain; we find that no two species or cluster of plants or animals grow alike, though all have the sunshine and all have the rain, and all have the broad, green earth as their home. They do not grow alike, and why? Because each and every separate and distinct department has a separate instinct and quality of life, and if there has ever been a creation, it has not been of a few fundamental principles of matter from which have grown all the various forms of life, but a creation for each and every class and condition of life. For each and every class of animals and trees, for instance, there is a distinct and positive power of life, and science of life which belongs to itself, and to itself alone.

Now this is applicable to human life. It is useless for men of science to endeavor to trace similarities between the human form and that of any animal; it is useless for them to say that the human race has originated in some class of animals similar to the ape or monkey; because, if it were so, why do not those animals originate men now?—why, if there is not a distinctive and positive element of life in man that belongs exclusively to itself—why does not every department of the animal kingdom merge itself into humanity, and there be no other class of living things on the earth except the human race? If a man is the outgrowth of the animals, we do contend that not from man should the race continue to be propagated, but from all beneath him, and the human race continue to be formed as in the commencement. We see no philosophy in that condition of life, which, if it once produced a certain result from a certain cause, does not always produce it. We see no reason why, if the human race had its origin in any class of animals, a resemblance to which is now on the surface of the earth, it should not continue, and we see no reason why those classes should be distinct, if they have ever merged into another. We see no elephants changing; we see no apes or

monkeys changing into men now, though we see many men that resemble apes and monkeys. We do not see animals start forth from trees; we do not see any form of vegetable life changing into an animal. Therefore, we do contend that for each and every distinct class or species of animated nature, there has always been a distinct creation; there has never been one merging into the other; and we do contend, therefore, that the science of life is not understood; its present standard is not a true standard; it has not in itself a fundamental principle, not even the foundation of an absolute fact.

Therefore, as we have said before, human life, in all its distinctive departments, in all the perfectness of its power, with all its principles of thought, with all its suggestiveness of existence, belongs to our theme to-night. Life is not the apex of the whole creation, but human life is a vast embodiment of the power, intelligence and principles that exist in the whole—a separate, distinct, positive life, which ever has and ever will exist; which, if once created, must some time die; which, if it never was created, will never die. There is one of two propositions, and you may accept that which is most pleasing to you, though we will tell which one we believe to be true: either that creation or matter had its origin, as philosophers pretend it had, in the absolute mind of Deity, and was an outgrowth of his life and his intelligence, and will some time cease to exist, in consequence of having been once created; for you have never seen a form of manufactured life that has not some time had an end; you have never seen a condition of creation that has not at some time changed. Now if there has ever been a time when all the matter which is now in existence was not in existence, there must also be a time when all that is now in existence will cease to be. If there has ever been a time when all that has human existence were merged in the animal kingdom, and this into the vegetable kingdom, and this into the mineral kingdom, there will come a time when man will cease to be, when vegetable and when animal matter will cease to be. But if there has ever been a creation, then there can never have been advancement in the universe. This is objectionable to you who are philosophers, you who are Spiritualists, you who are progressionists, because the idea of progression is the great idea of your faith. But it is not true. A flower may be said to progress when the seed which is planted in the soil grows up into existence, buds and blossoms and yields again its fruition. For the flower, that is progress. But every other flower which follows that will be precisely of the same type. Therefore, there is no progression in its kind, no progression in its existence; for it has gone back to its previous condition. Now we do contend that for every germ in nature there is a bud, blossom and fruition; but that each successive fruition will always be like itself precisely, and that each successive result will always produce the same result; therefore that the matter of the universe is not progressive. Why? Because no new particles of matter have ever been added to the universe; it is all full. There is no place to take it from. There is no God outside that has a storehouse to add to it from; there is no God within but what represents in the universe all the matter he possesses. There has none been taken away; how, then, can it be changed? There may be change of form. There was a time in its past history when it was just as perfect as it now is; there will be a time in its future history when it will go back to its germ and then reorganize. The successive course of nature is first the germ, secondly the bud, then its fruition; when it yields its fruition there is nothing more to do but to commence it again.

This you will at once perceive is correct. The idea of progress, though it may be in accordance with theories both mental and physical and theological, is never true according to the absolute reasonings of science. Therefore we do say that there has never been in the science of human life any absolute progress. Absolute progress! Remember you are not as your forefathers were; you are not as your successors will be; but we do mean to say, that when the present race of humanity has reached the highest degree of development of which it is capable, it will commence to depreciate, and will decay, and will in turn give rise to another which shall repeat, through the same process, the growth you have been through. We do pretend to say that for every period of development in the earth there is a germ, there is a bud, there is a blossom, there is a fruition; and when it has reached the ultimate of its condition, it can not go beyond it.

To illustrate: Take a man in infancy. Its limbs are feeble; it can not move rapidly; it has not strength; it has not reached its full stature; its mind is feeble in proportion; it grows up to youth, and still is not a man, has not reached the height of its perfection. It is in the bud of its existence. In manhood, early manhood, it is like the blossom; in middle age, or fullest manhood, the fruit begins to ripen; in old age the seed is fully matured, and the form of man, all that makes up the physical, dies.

Now, that man can not be any more; there is a fully developed, perfected man; there is nothing beyond that condition to which he can attain in physical life; there is no power, no condition of matter which can cause a flower, when it has once produced seed to blossom again until the seed has been

replanted. So we do say that for each successive department of human life there must be a positive, new commencement; to be a new commencement, there must be a procreation of what has existed previously, and thus each new development of human life is predicated upon the absolute conditions of all previous life.

Now you may say that there is something beyond this, that there is a soul, that there is immortality. That belongs to the sphere of theology; we are treating absolutely of human life. There is intelligence, but we do submit that there is no more intelligence than is absolutely required to perfect the conditions of life in which men live. None of you have too much intelligence. You could not live as well as you do live, you could not perfect the destiny which you have with any less intelligence. The very conditions by which you are surrounded call forth that intelligence from you. If you are required to do a thing which you do not understand, your intelligence calls on you to create some new standard by which you can perform that thing. Look at science! What has that done? For each thought of humanity there has been a demand in the mental life; for each invention of thought and religion there has been a demand in the moral and intellectual life, there has been a demand in the human intellect, an absolute condition requiring its existence. Then that intelligence, and that power, and that principle which in man causes him to grow up through childhood to youth, through youth to manhood, and through manhood to the decline of old age, is the same kind of intelligence that causes the seed to unfold, to bud and blossom, and yield its fruition. The only difference is, that in man there is a greater quantity of intelligence than there is in the flower, not a difference of quality; for the same kind of intelligence produces always the same kind of results. If the flower had a different kind of intelligence from what man has, it would blossom first without being planted in the soil. But there must always be a commencement from the germ; the germ must grow up and mature gradually; it must perfect itself in all the conditions of life by which it is surrounded; and for each department of life there is the same kind of intelligence, the same which exists in the bear, the same which exists in the lion, the same which exists in the monkey, exists in man; but in man it is greater in quantity; in man it is more perfected in its condition; in man there is a greater amount of intelligence, and consequently are more perfect results.

These propositions may not seem in accordance with the known developments of science, yet we know them to be true. We know that the intelligence in man, as an absolute self-existent principle, does not at all differ from the intelligence which exists in the sand-stone, which neither seems to live nor exist except as inanimate substance. We know that the same power of life which exists in the tree or rock or shrub exists in man. We know that the same science which will analyze the life in one will, by the positive necessity of its own existence, analyze the whole. We know that if man knows his own life by positive analysis, he will know the whole. Upon the same principle that you analyze the properties of one sand upon the sea-shore, you have the properties of the whole. So astronomers judge through this principle, of planets, not by things which they know or have seen, but by things which they infer from what they have seen. All their speculations and revelations and calculations are made with strict reference to what they know. If they know one planet, by reason of that they know and infer what would exist with other planets. Therefore you may understand that the science of human life is that which applies not to the conception of a distinctive department of intelligence, but to a distinct application of the same kind of intelligence that exists in all created things.

The object, as we have seen, of every kind of life is to perfect, as fully as possible, its own kind; the object of the flower is to perfect, as fully as possible, the seed or germ which shall produce itself. The object of human life always has been, always will be, to perfect as fully and entirely as possible, in any condition of human life, the greatest qualities of which it is capable. There is no other object in your existence; you are not here as toys and playthings; you are not here to while away your time in idling and then pass away; but you are here to perfect yourselves, your own race, your own species; you are here in the great economies of nature for the purpose of unfolding, for the greatest possible condition of unfoldment, the greatest intelligence which can be embodied in you. The object of all human life seems to be happiness, but there has, as yet, been a universal failure in the achievement of that, as happiness is not a positive, but a merely relative condition of the mind—something which you can conceive of, but which you do not know to exist positively.

Now, the true science of human life is the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of beings whether human, animal, animate, inanimate, or otherwise. The great science of human positive life, as applied to itself, is the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of human beings, because if one individual is happier than his fellow-men, he is so at the expense of all the rest; if one man is more prosperous than another in business, he is so at the expense of somebody else; if one man is more successful in any achievement that belongs to human life, he is so by robbing somebody. But if

all men are happy in their own condition of human life, they must be so by the absolute equity of the laws which govern them. We have said that the science of human life is the greatest amount of happiness for the greatest number of people. This is proven in the history of all nations. Wherever there has been the greatest advancement, wherever there has been the greatest moral worth, wherever there has been the most true religion, wherever art and science have been most successful, there you will always see that the principles of government are on strict equality; there the greatest good to the greatest number is the motto—that individuals must understand that they are a part of the whole, not living all alone. This is why republicanism is the government for your country; this is why universal equity is the law in its fundamental basis; this is why religion—Christian religion—is more perfect than other religions: it teaches the greatest good to the greatest number of people; it presents things which the highest may understand and which the lowest may hope for; it places kings on a level or below the peasant; it places rulers and tyrants on a level with humanity; it makes of every man a self-existent being; it makes of every human being a positive embodiment of his own kind; it makes of every thought of goodness, whether it comes from the lowest or the highest, a positive principle; it makes of every condition of life something which is used to carry out the purposes of the divine mind.

What is commerce for? what is all the trade that exists in your city for? what all the international laws? what all the vast merchandize? what all the social laws that bind you so intimately together? what all the religious laws that seem to bind humanity all together? They are for the purpose of out-working the science of human life.

You say you don't know how to live; you do know how. It is an absolute condition of your existence that you do know how. Everybody knows how to live, but the greatest difficulty is that everybody lives for himself, and does not live for anybody else. The greatest difficulty is that everybody thinks himself the only person in the world that wants to live or must live; everybody thinks that his life, and his existence, and his social position, and his religion, is the greatest and best in the world. Now all around you, into whatever country you may go, into whatever nation, whatever street, into whatever city you may go, are human beings like yourselves, each one having a soul, each one existing in its own condition of life, each one possessing thoughts and feelings, and principles, and mind, and power like yourself; each one having an origin and destiny, and means of accomplishing that; each one depending upon his own resources and the conditions which surround him for his success in life; each one absorbing from the vast mass, and giving back something in return which may answer for some other person; all part of one family and part of one brotherhood—part of one creation. They live, not by eating, drinking and dissipation, not by luxury and revelry and splendor; that is not life. What is eating for? To sustain life. That is not living. What is drinking for? To add to the powers of life; for drinking is not living. What is food for? To help to protect and sustain life. But physical luxury is not life; the things are not life which you sit upon, or recline upon, or which delight your eyes; but you adapt them to your condition; they are simply to subserve the purposes of your life.

Then luxury, and splendor, and worth, and intelligence, and eating and drinking and all the various departments of what is called human life are not life, are not human life. They do not belong to human life; they are simply conditions which help to cause human life to perfect itself. You would be alive if you did not live in a splendid house; you would be alive if you were not surrounded with all the luxuries that you now are; you could live upon the simplest possible food, and by drinking clear, cold water, without any wine; you could live in the simplest possible manner with clothes to protect you from the inclemency of the weather; but you can live better, and higher, and truer by knowing more of the conditions of matter, by adapting them to your conditions in life, by appropriating all these various forms and classes of life which exist around you to the requirements of human life. Now, the object of every science is to facilitate the means of living; the object of every theory, every speculation, every business—so the business men say—is that men may live. But while the few that revel in luxury, are living a dead life, the masses, who are poor, are dying of starvation. While you are living in marble palaces, with velvet carpets that give back no sound of the footstep, with luxurious couches, with delicious viands that you don't require, and with which your appetite is satiated, the poor who can not live, because you will not let them live, are starving for a morsel of bread. That is the science of your life; your present, human life has precisely that science.

The science of a man—when you ask him what his science of life is—is: First, to make all the money you can, honestly; that is, don't rob anybody unless it is necessary, but get money. Secondly, keep all the money you get or its equivalent in luxury; satiate the physical body while the mind is dying for want of food. Now, we will tell you that there is absolutely much more life in the poor, degraded man, who is drunken from the force of society, who is degraded from the force of

human science or social law, who is a drunkard and is dying a drunkard, but within has a soul, a conscience, a power of mind, than there is in the wealthy millionaire who revels in luxury and treads him under his feet; that there is more human life, more soul life, more positive life in the mother who is starving with her babe, who was the wife of that drunkard, who watches until the last candle has sunk in its socket, watches her dying babe, dying for lack of food, the food which the millionaire will not let her have, or which he withholds from her; there is more human life in that mother's love, in that mother's trust and watchfulness, in that mother's hope and faith, than there is in all the tuseled luxury, all the palaces, all the revelry, which even the millionaire himself does not enjoy. Now, we always thought that if men made money, they should do it for the purpose of doing good. If you rob anybody, rob from those who don't make a good use of their possessions. If you want to make money, get it from those who, probably like yourself, keep all they can get; get it from them. When you die, which you must do some time, you can't take the money with you; somebody will have it. When you live, all you want is to live, to exist, and that comfortably. All the rest, all the money which will let other people live, the lands upon which they can live, upon which they can produce the means of existence, all which they can feed their minds with in schools and colleges, which are closed to them, with all that excess of money you should let other people live. What do you live for? The greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people. What is government for? That all the laws—not the moral laws—should be administered justly. What is social law for? That each and every member of society may reach the fullest benefits of his social conditions. What is most law for? That each and every man may reach the full benefits of his own private condition of life. Then what are all laws for? That each and every individual may realize the benefits of their administration; and the administration is first based upon the principle that there is something which requires to be administered, something which requires control, something which requires to be used. Therefore, in all departments of life, the one great fundamental principle of life is that everybody must live until death comes. If you live better than your neighbor—we do not mean if you are good or if you act more truthfully than he; but if you have more luxury than he has, if you have more splendor than he has, if you have any more wealth than is required for your comfortable subsistence—you are a robber; unless you desire in regard to the use of that wealth to make it subservient to the great masses that have got no money, you are a robber. Now, there is enough food, enough land, enough space, enough money, in all this vast country, to feed everybody, to give everybody clothing and shelter, to give everybody a home, to give everybody the privilege of living; yet a few who are not alive in soul, and do not wish anybody else to live, cause death everywhere to exist around you.

Live that your lives may shine as brightly as the morning-sun which beams for all. The dew-drop which sheds its life upon the petaled flower, lives that it may cause the flower to live; the rain which is exhaled from summer skies is there distilled that it may come again and refresh the earth and beautify the plants and trees; and you live that in your life you may make some other life more bright and happy and radiant with the consciousness of joy and hope and love. Live to perfect each and every part of your own existence. Live to shed the brightness of your radiance wherever you may go. Live that in your life you may not be dead, but thinking, acting, doing all the while, that others may live too.

Why, what is the sun for? Do you suppose the sun would be in existence if there were no other planets, no other systems, no other orbs in existence excepting that one great sun to live, to shine there all alone, for no other purpose than the exclusively selfish pleasure of shining? By no means. The sun exists as a positive central thing in itself. In consequence of its existence, and through virtue of that, various small planets revolve around it, each of which is dependant upon the others and upon the sun itself—dependant upon the sun exclusively for its light and warmth. Therefore, the sun exists there as the great benevolent center of this vast system. Do you suppose if there were to have been no other human beings, that the first man would ever have been made? Do you suppose that you would have been created were there no other human beings? That is the object of all human life, not exclusive, selfish, individual progression, but absolute, universal, positive happiness. Therefore, let every science and every philosophy and every law be subservient to this one great condition and problem of human life. Do good to somebody; do good to as many as you can; do the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people that is possible, and you will know more of true life, true enjoyment, true happiness, the true science of life, than you have ever understood, or thought of, or dreamed of, before.

We have finished our present discourse. We have only to thank the audience for their kind attention during this and the preceding discourses of the present series; and allow us to say that whilst some of our ideas may have been in antagonism with those which you previously entertained, we have not designed them to injure you. If any new idea or conception of

life or consciousness of all the vast works which exist in creation, has been added to your minds, we are satisfied. If you have derived any benefit, any higher standard of virtue or moral excellence, any brighter ray of religion or truth, then we are but the simple means, the instrument in the hands of that great source of all intelligence for bringing it to you.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.—No. 5.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE:

Sir—I now proceed to consider the manifestations of this character which are addressed to the senses of hearing and seeing; and I must, of necessity, be brief and general.

1. *Hearing.* It was to this sense that the first manifestations which I witnessed were addressed. I was then so situated that the thought uppermost in my mind was, in regard to the dead, "Shall we ever meet again?" I am bound to confess that all I have heard of religious teachings for some fifty years had engendered in me doubts if there was a future beyond the grave. It was not my fault that this was so. I did not want to be an infidel, but they who were my theological teachers were so full of absurdities and contradictions that, in spite of myself, I could not believe. The future they taught was revolting alike to my judgment and my instincts, and, unable to conceive of any other, I was led to doubt whether there was any; yet the idea of an eternal separation from the departed was exquisitely painful to me.

It was in this mood of mind, and while I was searching for the truth on this topic, that one evening when alone in my library, a voice spoke to me in tones which I feared had been silenced forever, and answered the question, "Shall we meet again?"

The voice was soft and gentle, but distinctly audible, and oh! how familiar to my ear!

I was startled, and of course the first thought was what an hallucination! I could not conceive it to be anything else. Yet as I knew whether I could hear or not, I could not get rid of the idea that it was a reality. I never dreamed then of such a thing as the Spirit of the dead being able thus to speak, and for several weeks I debated the matter in my mind, trying to convince myself of the falsity of what I was obliged to know was a fact.

Then it was I heard the "Rochester knockings," at a *séance* or interview, lasting ten or fifteen minutes, but crowded full of interest. In that interval it appeared that the sounds were not made by mortals, but by some unknown power that was intelligent enough to spell and to write, to hold a conversation, and to read thoughts and answer questions not uttered, to know what minute I was making of the occasion, to display the characteristics of the person professing to be present and to show emotions of joy and affection.

Here was enough to awaken my curiosity, and I entered upon a course of investigation. For several months I heard the sounds in a great variety of forms.

I heard them on a railroad car while traveling; on the floor in an eating-house by the wayside; on the ground when standing outside the car; on a door high above our reach; on a floor, following two or three feet behind the medium when walking; alone in my bed-room, in different places; on a door standing open, so that both sides of it could be seen; on a window and a looking-glass; on my person and that of others; on the chords of a piano; on the strings of a violin, beside the oft-repeated displays on the floor and the table. I have known the sounds made with the hand, a hair-brush, a fiddle-bow and a chair; and I have heard them imitate the whistling of the wind, the creaking of a ship laboring in a heavy sea, sawing and planing boards, the falling of sods on a coffin, the sound of an *Æolian* harp, of soft and distant music, and once a scream as of persons in agony.

And in all these forms conveying intelligence, not merely that of the peculiar sounds made, but spelling out words and sentences, letter by letter.

This spelling out words was done by some one calling over the alphabet, and the sounds being made at the proper letter, with certain sounds to designate an idea. To facilitate the work, this unseen intelligence devised a set of signals, by the aid of which my early conversations with them were had.

I annex hereto their scheme, premising that each dot in it stands for a sound, and made more or less heavy, or more or less near to each other as indicated by the size and position of the dots:

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| •—No. | •—We. |
| •—End of a word. | •—You. |
| •—Colon. | •—And. |
| •—End of a Sentence. | •—Alphabet. |
| •—Semi-colon. | •—Qualification. |
| •—Yes. | •—Disapprobation. |
| •—!—Emphasis. | •—Sit close. |
| •—Comma. | •—Succession of raps—Go back. |
| •—Done. | |

It has been supposed by many that the sounds were such as mortals could not make. So far as my experience goes, this is a mistake, for I have never heard one that I could not imitate, and I have known that mediums, failing to get the sounds, would make them. But the fact was clearly demonstrated, that most frequently they were not made by mortals, nor merely fortuitous, but by an intelligence which had will and purpose, and could express them, and which when asked:

"Who and what are you who do this?" could answer to the satisfaction of any rational mind, and establish identity.

2. *Seeing.* It was not long after the mode of communicating by raps had been discovered, that table-tippings came into vogue. I do not know where or how they originated. They seem to have grown up from circumstances. Half a dozen persons sitting around a table with their hands upon it, was the method most commonly used to obtain the rappings or any other physical manifestations. Moving the table was often one of these, and it was soon found to be even easier to do that than to make the sounds, and signals were concerted in like manner, whereby different motions of the table were used to convey ideas. Thus, as with the rappings, words were spelled out. Some one would call the alphabet, and the table would give the concerted signal at the proper letter.

In Spain a different mode of using the table was devised. The alphabet was reduced to twenty-four letters, and each letter was numbered. The corners of the table were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and the corners would move to indicate the letter. Thus, if corners No. 1 and 4 were moved it was their fifth letter, and so on.

In this simple manner, though awkward and tedious, did the intercourse begin with hundreds and thousands of people, who thus learned the great truths which it teaches. It was our primary school, and we began with our alphabet.

There were embarrassments about it. Sometimes, when the Spirit had not learned to read, it could not spell out words. Sometimes, when its education had been poor, it would spell wrong; and sometimes, when unacquainted with our language, it could not frame a sentence in English.

Still, this mode of communication was used, and became the most common of all.

The sense of seeing was appealed to mostly in the moving of ponderable matter, and it was not always for the purpose of spelling out words. Occasionally, it was chiefly with the view of showing the presence of the power.

I have seen a chair run across a room, backward and forward, with no mortal hand touching it. I have seen tables rise from the floor, and suspended in the air. I have seen them move when not touched. I have known a small bell fly around the room over our heads. I have known a table, at which I was sitting, turned upside down, then carried over my head, and put against the back of the sofa, and then replaced. I have seen a table lifted from the floor, when four able-bodied men were exerting their strength to hold it down. I have heard, well vouched for, of a young man carried through the air, several feet from the floor, through a suite of parlors. I have seen small articles in the room fly through the air and fall at the place designed for them, and sometimes so rapidly that the motion was invisible, and all we could see was that the object had changed its location.

This is a very meager account of what only I have witnessed, aside from the countless incidents witnessed by others in different parts of the world. But here is enough to show that these manifestations were not made by mortals, but by a power which had all the attributes of the human mind and heart. To repeat a remark I have more than once made, here was an intelligence that could read and write and cipher, divine our secret thoughts, and speak in many languages. Whence came it? Not from electricity or magnetism, as said by many, for intelligence is no attribute of theirs. Not for mortal action, for here was inanimate matter moving without mortal contact, and sounds made without human intervention. Whence, then, but from that source which appeared to Hager in the wilderness, which opened the prison-door to Peter, and which caught up Philip so that the eunuch saw him no more?

But, be it what it may—a delusion, deception, or satanic—from this much-contemned source, the physical manifestations, alone come the proof of intercourse with the Spirits—the answer to the question, Shall we meet again? and the demonstration of man's immortality.

Yet, this is but the beginning. There are higher and holier truths than even these that are revealed to us, and other means that are used far more important and effective, and to them I shall next address myself.

May, 23, 1859.

J. W. EDMONDS.

Dr. Chapin's Absence.

Dr. Chapin and family left the city on Wednesday, July 20th, in the steamer for Boston. From thence they will go to Rye, Mass., where they will spend a week or two, and thence proceed to Pigeon Cove, where they will spend the balance of Mr. C.'s time of respite from clerical duties, and he will probably resume his labors in this city again about the first or middle of September. During his absence, we will endeavor, so far as possible, to fill the place which he occupied in our columns with the sermons of other progressive and celebrated preachers.

The *New York Waverley* has commenced the publication of a sermon each week, by C. H. Spurgeon. Terms, \$2 per annum. Address James & Smith, 121 Nassau-street, N. Y.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

FIFTY-EIGHTH SESSION.

QUESTION CONTINUED: What are the basic principles of Brotherhood?

DR. ORTON: Mr. Coles, in his remarks last session, upon the law of brotherhood, lays, as he thinks, undue stress upon justice as an essential element. Of course, no act can be claimed as brotherly, that is wanting in justice; but love is the grand, central motor, and is so recognized in the philosophy of Jesus, as contradistinguished from the precepts of Moses. According to the latter, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" that is to say, the culprit must respond to the exact amount of injury done; and the debtor for ten dollars must pay ten dollars without the abatement of a single mill, because justice demands complete restitution. Now, precisely where this iron code is utterly short of fulfilling its proposed end—the public good—love is introduced by the philosopher of Nazareth, as a higher, and more omnipotent principle; revealing a broader, and more perfect justice than the hangman can administer; a principle competent to adjust "money differences," so independently of the "gold diggings," and yet so thoroughly, as, to the savans of the "Exchange," would seem a miracle.

He must also dissent from rose-tinted imaginings of Dr. Hallock, who trusts to *growth* to bring us under the dominion of fraternal love. Looking at the race as a unit, and seeing that Christianity is a birth from Judaism, and that Republicanism was rocked in the cradle of monarchy; growth, to be sure, does seem in the divine economy, to be the means by which its consecutive advancement is perpetuated; but it is a broken staff to the individual, and can not be trusted. It may do for that school of philosophers who trace the seraphim through regular gradation of men and monkeys to their scientific origin in "frog spawn," but those, who, with him, look upon the crime, dishonesty and misery extant, as substantial proof of retrogression as well as of progression; of decay as well as of growth, must conclude that the law of growth, though "on the big figure" it saves the race, is incompetent to save a single individual! That wished-for consummation is a work of grace, not of growth. He must avail himself of the needed grace or spiritual power to resist the insanities of animal appetite, and to crucify the lusts of selfishness, or to him salvation is not possible. In man's power as an individual, to do this great work in, and for himself, or let it alone and be damned, despite the science of growth and the gospel of father and brotherhood, lies the basic law of human responsibility. As an effort at practical brotherhood, the city might be divided into districts of convenient size to be thoroughly supervised by a suitable number of persons heartily convinced of the superiority of love, when combined with wisdom, over all other forces or schemes of amelioration. These supervisors or "elder brethren" should know the condition of every one within the district, and by brotherly council and aid thus extended to the individual, the good of the whole might be secured. Were the experiment tried by this conference, and confined to those only who usually attend it, its advantages he thinks, would soon be manifest.

MR. SWACKHAMMER favored us with a *crantological* illustration of the value of brotherhood. He cited the case of a devoted advocate of the American Indians, who, he said, had commenced the good work with a head as flat as a prairie, but who is now blessed with a very Mount Blanc of a coronal region, in comparison with its primeval flatness. This is truly encouraging. With respect to the salvation of this world, those who take any interest in the matter; that is to say, any interest beyond the mere love of talking about it, have only to call at 683 Broadway, where he has invested a thousand dollars in the development of a *plan of salvation*, which, if it fail, (which God forbid,) will be solely for the want of co-operation on the part of this obtuse generation, which is constantly whining for salvation, and as industriously crucifying its Saviour.

MR. LAING suggests for the consideration of Spiritualists, in view of the many forms of injustice practiced upon us, (for God's sake and their own,) by our opposers, that we form an association of all who are willing to enroll their names. To each name should be appended the residence or place of business, together with the trade, occupation, or profession of each, to the end that those so registered should mutually assist each other when in need, and patronize each other in the way of business, in preference to the world at large. Were this done, he thinks it would open a broad and very useful field for our energies, and at the same time it would be sufficiently circumscribed to give them an individuality and local force, which more imposing schemes of world-bettering, and the popular generalities of speculative philanthropy, usually lack. Be it understood, this is simply a suggestion.

MR. BAKER: What has been said hitherto has been directed rather to an application of the law than a definition of it. As no one seems to have stated what the law is, here is his opinion of it. The basic-law of brotherhood is wisdom, justice and knowledge, combined with, and resulting from, experience. The difficulty is: we are perpetually doing for "*Buncumb*." We are ready to go to the devil after a proselyte, but quite unwilling to stay at home and correct our own follies. We startle the very owls with our wisdom and love for "the *million*," and do not keep for domestic use enough

of either commodity to last the family over Saturday night. Now, the law of brotherhood, instead of ignoring *self-criticism* and *self-culture*, is the actual product, or natural off-spring of this noble but unobtrusive parentage. They have not yet taken their position in the great world of fashionable reform, and it is for this reason that he invites attention to their modest virtues.

At this juncture, Dr. Gould benevolently volunteered to clear the question from "*fog*;" but in his meanderings between "laws with penalties" and "laws without" any such grievous appendage, the reporter got bewildered, and nearly as badly confounded and discouraged as the "*spiritually-impressed*" Jeremiah of a certain "*Daily*" of our Times, who recently ventilated his "*spirituality*" in a dismal "*leader*" on the downfall of the "*Austrian Quadrilateral*." More fortunate, however, than our brother of these modern Times, who felt it expedient to reproduce "*the Quadrilateral*" (just to see how it would look when he is "*not under influence*,") Mr. Fowler kindly came to our rescue, and reproduced a more ancient and laconic speech of Dr. Gould's instead.

Said Mr. FOWLER: Dr. Gould, once upon a time, remarked, "*We need a unity of faith.*" He is not disposed to contradict that; but his admission of its truth involves a brief analysis of the term. Paul defines it as the substance of things hoped for. I define it thus: If I have in my mind the perfected ideal of some machine, then in that have I belief or a more or less diluted faith. But as we read that "faith without works is dead," it is only when I have projected it into successful form that I can be said to have in it a living or substantial faith. In such a faith as this—a faith founded on substance—"unity" is not only possible, but, as Dr. Gould said, it is much needed. We need first a united discovery or ideal of the principle of brotherhood. This is to be traced to the unitary idea of a Divine Fatherhood; and in this central fact there is even now a comfortable "*unity of faith.*" Extend this unity, and we have, secondly, a concerted effort which no antagonism can overcome, in the direction of the Divine incarnation of "peace on earth and good will among men." This done, faith itself, and universal accord with it, will have been perfected. There is no justice in the taking of "an eye for an eye;" it is an insult to the principle—to the divine brotherhood of principles. I owe to the brother not merely my eye for his eye—not alone my bushel of corn for his dollar—I owe him what he *needs*, to the extent of my ability to supply it. The rule of eternal right between us is, the ratio of my *ability* to his *need*. That is the true measure of justice. It quite overleaps all dental compensation, and leaves a man, perchance, with his debt unpaid, though he may have offered every grinder in his head upon the altar of retaliation, with the more than heathen stupidity of belief that he is sacrificing to justice!

MR. DEAN thinks it important that we have some grand and glorious ideas to carry away with us, because it is a grand and glorious theme. What we have listened to heretofore has not been practical. He would appeal to a principle that lies back of reason. He would ask if brotherhood consists merely in bestowing our cast garments? Not so. We may be unjust in our generosity, and all injustice is an offense to that sacred law. A friend of his met in the street a coatless brother, who seemed to need it; and as he could spare it because he had another at home, he took it from his own back and gave it him. Entering his domicile in his shirt sleeves, his wife inquired the whereabouts of his coat. He informed her he had offered it on the altar of charity. With a benignant face, by way of background to this simple picture of a "good deed in a naughty world," he hoped to refresh her kindly nature with the knowledge that he had faithfully bestowed *half* his goods (in coats) upon the poor! Alas! for the vanity of human expectations, charitable or otherwise, his statement was perfect as an explanation, but it yielded no solace to the conjugal bosom. By an unhappy, but well-disposed coincidence, both of purpose and argument, his spouse had just bestowed the other half! The coats being gone, comment is superfluous. The truth is, we may keep the law and our coats, too. Let us abstain from calumny and uncharitableness. This we may all practice at the breakfast-table if we will, and teach it by example as well as precept, to our children. By the Divine blessing, we may even hope, in time, to banish *backbiting*, that bane of brotherhood, from our tea-tables. Who knows? That achievement alone would be worth more to the race than all the old coats in the world.

Question for next session: How can the laws of brotherhood best be carried into practical operation?

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

"Spirits in Prison."

It is said that the Davenport Boys hold circles in the Oswego Jail, and that they are convincing many persons of the genuineness of spiritual intercourse. Being conscious that the manifestations are produced by Spirits, they will not buy a license for exhibiting jugglery, or pay a fine imposed on them for such exhibitions.

REV. THEODORE PARKER reached Southampton, England, May 30. At last accounts he was in London, with strong hopes of a restoration to health.

WHAT WAS CHRISTIANITY, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT?

At the present epoch, we may very pertinently inquire what has become of the Gospel of "Peace on earth and good will toward men." It certainly is not prevailing as an actuating principle; the part of the world professing to be Christian is the least Christian of all; and it has even been said that there is the greatest amount of crime and wickedness among the most vehement professors of religion. However that may be, it is a self-evident fact that the heaven-sent messenger who taught Christianity and lived the life exemplifying his teachings, has never been received by the world—has never governed in church or state—has never made the world any better, only because he has never made them truly Christian. Let us, then, who are professed Christians, inquire earnestly and search diligently if we may yet find what was this good thing, and what became of it. Nothing can ever be wholly lost; it must be somewhere; let us look after it.

In a previous paper on "The Dark Ages," we considered the lights and shadows that had floated over our civilization from the beginning of recorded time to the present day. We tried to show that light did not dawn gradually upon the world, and why it had not. The subject was but glanced at; no more could be done in the columns of a paper. Now the question is "What was Christianity?" It will be considered an historical question, apart from the theological and spiritual view of the case. Those who have studied ancient records most diligently, have discovered, that all religions have a common origin. It is not in the Old Testament of our Bibles only that there is to be found an account of the religious belief before Christ; all nations had their priesthoods as the Jews had theirs, and all their religions were mainly the same. The Jews (to take their own account of themselves) were a nation of bondmen out of Egypt; their leader and law-giver was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; consequently we find in the Jewish writings nothing exclusively Jewish but their self-complacency and pretension. They style themselves the chosen people of God, but they show nothing they did to merit the choice, unless that the predicted Messiah was, to appear among them. The prophecies were not confined to the Jewish prophets, (on this point a volume of proof is ready;) wherever there was learning there was the same foretelling of the coming event. The Jews took it from the Egyptians, the Egyptians from the more Eastern nations. There was a world-wide looking for another messenger from God. He is spoken of in all heathen records, the same as in the Jewish, as "the desire of the nations," "the Lamb of God," "the Messiah," etc., etc. By all people the event was looked for, namely, that at or about the time when the sun at the vernal equinox should enter the sign of Pisces, or the Fishes, there should appear a new Avatar or Messenger from God—"God made manifest in the flesh," as he was called in every language in the known world, and, we may even say, of the unknown world, too; for in America are found traces of the same mythos. (See Prescott, Squier and Higgins.) Prof. Wiseman mentions the same in a public lecture.

Having before us the fact that the priesthood of the world were looking for a new messenger from God, that they supposed several had appeared at regular intervals, always foretold and always accompanied by certain miracles, we will now consider the circumstances under which Christ was born:

Mary, of the house of Levi, the young wife of Joseph, had been brought up in the temple serving God; she had talked with angels; her heavenly visitor had told her she was "blessed among women," that she should be called the "mother of God," that the holy thing to which she should give birth would be "for the healing of the nations." This unworldly, innocent being becomes the mother of a son. What is that child likely to be, born under such circumstances and reared by such a mother? The mind of Mary had been exalted by a higher order of spiritual intercourse than the world had before known. At this day we can realize that there is something more than imagination in spiritual influences on receptive and genial natures. The time has passed when men could read and speak of such things with a quiet reservation of unbelief in their hearts. Blessed Spirits of a high order *did commune with Mary*; angel messengers hovered around both mother and child. He was of a perfect physical organization; wonderfully beautiful are all the representations we have of

both mother and son—wise beyond his years—a man so divinely perfect that the Spirit of the living God was manifest through him. Such was Christ, the son of Mary, the founder of the Christian religion. Was it likely that the teachings of this spiritual being would be suited to the rough-and-tumble world of deceit and fraud and wickedness that has been contending and suffering since his day? At the time of his advent, or before, it might have had some chance; but since, never. A time may come when he will be received; but to imagine what a world would be governed by Christian principles would be to indulge in a dream of Arcadian blessedness. The world is not Christian yet! Christ lived and died and taught, and his immediate disciples taught and suffered and became martyrs. It is related that by a direct manifestation of the sign of the cross in the heavens, Constantine, the most unchristian of heathen princes, was induced to embrace Christianity in the fourth century. He stopped the frightful persecutions of the Christians, which was of itself a good result, worth an interposition of all good angels to bring it about. But "Constantine embraced Christianity!" What does that expression mean? It certainly does not mean that the cruel and bloody emperor understood and heeded, or in any way respected, the teachings of the gentle son of the heaven-inspired Mary, that "Son of God" whom a seer has said was the most womanly man that ever lived, (womanly in that sense wherein woman may be regarded as a higher type of humanity, a link between men and angels.) The "manifestation of God to man," as shown in the life and teachings of Jesus, would find no appreciator in the savage Emperor Constantine. He saw the sign in the heavens ere he saw the ensign of the Christians. It was to him a new banner; and as it inspired enthusiasm in the hearts of his soldiers, it was caught at by their leader. Christian martyrs were saved for the good service their symbol had done in the hour of peril, and in the enthusiasm of victory, he declared the world Christian. But the difficulty was that the world was in no state to become Christian. It would take long sweeps of ages to get the world to such a degree of advancement as to render Christianity practicable. That day has not arrived yet in this nineteenth century; it certainly was not in a more advanced state in the fourth. All was done that could be done under the circumstances; the world was heathen, and heathen it must remain. Constantine changed the name, and the name only, of everything. Then commenced a revolution so ridiculous that no farce could be richer than its details; a good-sized volume, and that an edifying and learned one, might be filled with its developments. The heathen temples were obliged, with the turn of a hand, to become Christian churches; the hurry-scurry with which it was done, to suit the mandate of the despot, was funny. The change was inevitable, and therefore the priests went heartily to work. On the one hand, there was to be no casting down of things worshiped by the ignorant masses, no breaking up of time-honored observances; fasts and festivals must go on as formerly. Little by little the face of things took a new coloring; that was all. Then the small body of true Christians were to be conciliated; their martyrs were to be canonized. It must have been a trying affair all round. It deserves to be styled the Era of Compromise. Things appear to have been done with an admirable economy; no wanton waste took place; the very vestments of the priests remained unaltered.

In the cardinal's hat of the Christian Church, we have the hat of the Flamens of Numa Pompilius; even the scarlet robe is retained; the vestals become nuns. The god Bacchus was made St. Denis; over the southern gateway of the Abbey of St. Denis, we see a sprig of the vine laden with grapes. Of the god Dionysius they made St. Dionysius. At Naples there was a temple to the universe; it is now the Church of St. Cosmo; everything the same, only a change of name. The statue of Jupiter made a nice St. Peter; it may be seen in Rome at the present day. There was a heathen myth that the god Bacchus fell in love with Aura Placida, or the genial breeze; of this was made St. Aura and St. Placida. Their festival is on the 5th of October, close to the festival of St. Bacchi; these names alone are suggestive. The Venuses draped made charming Virgins; and the Cupids, with a little disarming and clipping of wings, made staid little Christs; and when a halo was piously thrown around the brows of mother and son, they became another affair altogether.

The carnival of the Romish Church is so identical with the Saturnalia of the heathens, that in no respect does it differ from it, not even in the time of its celebration. The Litany of the churches is, word for word, taken from the service of the ancient Carnutes of Gaul. Things became terribly mixed up, and out of the chaos arose the present Catholic Church; not a particle of Christianity in it, except its names. If the small band that was spared by Constantine in the fourth century, with its gentle virtues, neutralized some of the grosser evils of the heathen system, it is all that can be said of it. We have still to ask what became of the religion of Jesus? We think we know enough to see what it was. We have seen what befell it in the fourth century, and now where is it?

There are, and have been in all times, gentle, Christian natures who feel that Christ was a messenger of the living God. To such hearts his teachings have ever found ready access, notwithstanding the heathenism that has grappled with and strangled his Church. The truths he taught were real truths, and as such can never die out; *but we must give up the idea that we are living in a Christian world, or under a Christian Church.* Of the clergy of the Church there is much to be said. There are and have been many good and well-meaning men among them, but among those there have been *none that knew much.* The moment they became learned, they became very lukewarm teachers of creeds and dogmas. At the present moment their condition in this country is a pitiable one; they must conform to their hearers, not their hearers to them. There is a monetary relation that destroys their independence. Those who know the least are in the least embarrassing position; they may guide and influence, but they can no longer govern. The time has not yet come when it would be safe for them to study deeply and impart their knowledge freely. They are just now gasping after a sort of shower-bath shock, that the general study of the natural sciences gave them. But they are getting over that, and find themselves alive; still they do not quite dare to study anything for themselves. They watch the faces of the pew-owners too much, and they are obliged to do so. It is quite astonishing to find how skilled they have become in writing well-sounding discourses, without saying anything in particular. If they do say anything that produces a sensation, you may be very sure it is an untruth. As a class, they are the personification of conservatism, the Malakoffs that must be either undermined or stormed before any great progress can be made.

J. L. W.

After having written the above, I consulted that indefatigable traveler and very learned gentleman, Mr. G. Leighton Ditson, as to how far the present appearance of the most ancient Christian churches illustrated my account of them. Among other interesting facts, he referred me to his published statement of his finding among the ruins what had been used as a Christian Church in Nubia: "*A shattered architrave, having in low relief two floating figures crowning the bust of the chubby god, Bacchus.*"—*Para Papers*, pp. 276, 277.

I suppose the devout Nubian Christians spared the Bacchus, and allowed him to figure in their chapel in the ranks of the cherubim, on the same principle upon which the modern philanthropists countenance their votaries. In hopes of a reform, however, that may be modern, Christians have learned to stand a good deal of the Bacchus face and the Bacchus figure in the persons of their priests. The fact is, they are just as much a heathen priesthood now as they were before they raised the banner of the cross, and polluted the teachings of the pure and merciful, the serene and God-like Jesus, by crowding the ranks of his few saintly followers.

An Important Conversion.

Our readers will be interested in the following item, reporting the conversion to Spiritualism of one who has, in times past, greatly distinguished himself in the ranks of the opposition:

CONVERTED TO SPIRITUALISM.—The *Boston Courier* announces editorially, without contradiction, the fact of the circulation of a report that Prof. Felton, of Harvard College, distinguished for his Greek scholarship and his controversial ability as a writer against Spiritualism, has become a believer in that doctrine, if not a medium—"having found in the course of his researches that the evidence was irresistible." As the *Courier* is supposed to know something of Prof. Felton's opinions—that paper having been the channel through which, during the last year or more, the able Professor has spoken out in thunder-tones, editorially, against Spiritualism—this uncontradicted announcement by that journal is rather remarkable than otherwise. Prof. Felton's previous investigations of this subject had been understood to have been very full, and they led him to oppose it as he did. The *Springfield Republican*, another rather violent opposer of that doctrine, seems also to have changed its opinion in the same way as the Harvard Professor.—*Boston Trans.*



"LET EVERY MAN BE FULLY PERSUADED IN HIS OWN MIND."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.
Editor and Proprietor.

Publishing Office of the Telegraph and Preacher, 428 Broadway.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

POVERTY, SUICIDE AND REVOLUTION.

We have seldom read a more heart-rending statement of a suicide than the one which forms the basis of these remarks, and which appeared in the *Tribune*, under date of the 20th of July. James Estley was an old soldier, and resided in Toronto, Canada. He had in life striven hard for the means of a comfortable livelihood for himself and growing family, and had engaged in several kinds of employment, but was unsuccessful. Finally, he drove carriage for a Mr. Holdsworth, but the death of this gentleman took away this employment and the pittance thence derived for his family's subsistence. He sought work diligently and daily, but found none; his wife washed and earned a trifle, but as he came home, weary and penniless, at night, his darling children would gather around him, with their emaciated faces, and clasp their bony hands round his neck, and ask and plead, and cry for bread, which he had not to give, neither the means to procure it. This was more than his heart could bear. Relief from this situation and anguish of soul he must have, and doubtless many alternatives presented themselves. To procure bread or the means of buying it by honest labor, he could not, and his conscience would not let him steal; and the last antidote to his mental and paternal anguish and sufferings was suicide, and he shot himself.

Our first remark is, that the man erred in supposing that by destroying his mortal body, he would relieve his mental and paternal sufferings, caused by the starving condition of his children. Spiritualism here comes in as a preventive of suicides, as a means of such relief. Man can not die, neither can the affection subsisting between the wife, children, and the husband and father, be severed; and undoubtedly this man's anguish was as great after death, at the cries of his children for bread, as before. Therefore, suicide was no relief from his mental sufferings, but probably these were increased by his rash act.

But the chief thought which this case inspires is, that a great wrong exists somewhere, which renders such conditions in life possible. Children should not be left to cry for bread anywhere. There is a natural instinct whose office is to provide for the helpless young, through all grades of life, and why is it not adequate to human demands under all circumstances? Why do children cry for bread, and thus drive their parents to suicide? These things are becoming more and more common. The evil is growing upon us, and yet we persist in the same course which has brought about these conditions. Those in more fortunate circumstances insist that things shall continue as they are, and the unfortunate ones are unable to change the system. Indeed men who have a competency dare not appropriate it to the general good, and trust their wives and children to the mercy of society, for society stands by and sees its members starve. It is deaf to the cries of children for bread, which cries pierce their parents to the vitals; and what shall be done?

It is true we have charitable institutions to provide for the destitute, but it is also true that these charitable institutions are based on sundered affections. The child has to be taken and kept from its loving and loved parents, brothers and sisters. For these reasons, parents hesitate long and struggle hard, and approach the very brink of starvation before they will put away their darling children in charitable institutions. We disapprove of charitable institutions except as a *temporary relief*. But they do not reach the end desired. People do not want charity, but rights. We insist that no adult person in the possession of natural faculties should be subject to

want and destitution, and we insist that the chief object of society should be to prevent this. Certainly this country at least has land enough to render a comfortable support to all the adult population and their families who will give it reasonable service. Nobody will doubt this.

Whence, then, this destitution? The answer, we think, is plain—viz., society is at war with nature; it fosters an unnatural, unjust, non-productive, indolent and thievish mode and means of livelihood, and individuals are seduced from the natural, Divine methods of life into the conventional and fashionable methods, which lead to the destruction of themselves or somebody else—the victim of this foul system. Nearly all our laws are made to foster this false system, and nearly all our national and State expenses are money sacrifices to it. Nature is not expensive; on the contrary, it is self-sustaining. We exhort all our readers to think of our social system, and reflect as to what changes ought to be made, and to be prepared to act in a practical way and to humanitarian ends, in the pending social revolution of our country.

The spirit of reform is surely abroad. The wars and commotions in the old countries are its expression from their plain of life; and however much the means employed may be deplored by us on another plane of life, the end is humanitarian. This spirit of reform is moving the nations physically and morally, and it is stupidity in us of America to fold our arms and say, All is peace here. There is no peace; the foundations of our government are threatened; society, religious and political, is shivered in pieces; there is nothing permanent, nor shall there be henceforth, but Divine order and a Divine life. Crushed humanity in our midst, and from every section and the farthest corners of our fair country, cries from the ground demanding justice, and the heavenly hosts protest against the continuance of a system which allows children to cry for bread, and thus drive affectionate parents to suicide.

We do not apprehend that the pending revolution will be accomplished here as in Europe, through blood; but it will be none the less terrible on the mental plane! Notwithstanding Christ came eighteen hundred years ago to reform evils which proceeded from the overgrown selfishness of man; these evils have reigned to this hour; and now has Christ come again, and is operating upon benevolent hearts, and enlisting multitudes in his service to set up his kingdom in the earth. Unchristian potentates may fight with cannon-shot, spear and sword—may slaughter the body, destroy the earthly temple of indwelling Spirit; but the Spirit they can not circumvent or destroy. It is inspired with humanitarian purposes, and its ends it will accomplish despite of every obstacle thrown in its way. Children are crying for bread, and men shall not, with impunity, give them a stone.

THE SPIRIT AND THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

In essaying to exhibit what we deem at least a very close approximation to essential truth with reference to the constitution of the human spirit, and of that world which it inhabits after it retires from its earthly degree of existence, we may remind the reader (of what his own good sense will not fail to tell him in moments of reflection), that in the infinite arcana of Divine Love and wisdom there are, of course, ever involved some mysteries which are above the clear apprehension of the finite mind of man, however enlightened. In the lower stages of mental development attained by man on earth, therefore, there may be truths quite beyond his present grasp which to the angels may be among the simplest rudiments of knowledge. Recognizing the truth of this remark, our candid readers, aware of the mental deficiencies more or less characterizing themselves in common with us and all others here below, will not, of course, expect us to clear up the mysteries involved in a theme like the one in hand, to an extent that will leave no farther questions to be asked.

But according to the doctrine that man is a *microcosm*, or an epitome of the whole universe, we hold that there is no divine truth, no natural or spiritual objectivity, of which the *archetype* is not somewhere concealed in his own soul, and according to which he may *understand* said truth when the proper degree of mental development is attained. But by that universally and eternally established divine law, by which positives and negatives, activities and passivities, demands and supplies, are inseparably though mediately connected, the satis-

factory solution of the specific question before us is necessarily near or remote, plain or obscure, and, for the present, possible or impossible, according to the specific moral and spiritual adaptations, aspirations, desires and needs of the respective minds brought to the inquiry; and hence, if any one of our readers should even admit our theory to be the whole and final truth on this subject, he could not expect this to be made apparent to the minds of others except as these conditions of comprehension and receptivity are furnished on their part. It may be presumed, however, that a question so nearly allied to the deeper interests and yearnings of most human souls as that which relates to the future and immortal state of man, would not, by that merciful divine Providence which has established this general law of demand and supply, be left unaccompanied with those sure indicatives and guides by which even the minds of the simple, who study them according to their best capacities, may be led into all the truth which would be really useful to them in their peculiar mental and moral states; and that these plain indicatives of the truth on this subject are not removed "beyond the Milky Way," nor yet beyond our terrestrial atmosphere, but are within the reach of all men, and partly lying within their own personal experiences, is one of the things which we propose to show.

Once more by way of preliminary: Should we, in the commencement of our thesis, seem to offer statements or assume positions which are not immediately self-evident to the reader, and for which we do not proceed *directly* to the proof, it is because the nature of our subject, so far removed from the sphere of ordinary thoughts, necessitates this course as an initial step. But the patience and attention of the reader being granted us, we hope to satisfy all the just demands of his reason and intuition as we proceed, though the structure and cogency of our proof can be best exhibited only in the *tout ensemble* of our theory, and in the clear light it will be found to throw on mysteries which in any other view are totally inexplicable, and often the source of infinite perplexity to the investigator.

There is one condition which, in the outset, we require as an absolute *sine qua non* of all understanding of what we deem to be the true doctrine concerning the Spirit and the Spirit-world, and that is, that the five natural senses, or, more properly speaking, the *natural degrees* of the five senses, should be totally abnegated and excluded from mingling in this investigation except as terms and bases of *comparison*. There is nothing in a purely spiritual existence, or in any of its parts, which can possibly be an object of either of the five senses in their purely natural degree. There is nothing of the Spirit or the Spirit-world that may be touched, tasted, seen, heard or smelt by the earthly man in his strictly normal or external state, even supposing his senses to be intensified a million-fold: and to the purely *sensuous* life and conceptions of the earthly man, therefore, it can not even be said that *there is a spiritual world*.

If this is true, then it necessarily follows that not even the existence of the Spirit or the Spirit-world, to say nothing of their properties, can ever be *directly* demonstrated to the natural senses. We say *directly* demonstrated. Those so-called direct demonstrations of these existences which have occurred through certain Spirit manifestations, have been made by Spirits taking on forms or assuming conditions of externally-sensible action which were not proper to them in their purely spiritual states. It should, therefore, rather be said that Spirits give these demonstrations *indirectly*, by assuming conditions *mediative* between their normal state and that of men in the flesh, and thus exhibiting phenomena which serve to the earthly man merely as a basis of necessary *inference*. Equally plain does it appear from these premises that all the conceptions, reasonings and theorizings concerning strictly spiritual existences, that are based solely upon the experiences of the external senses of the earthly man, are necessarily and totally false—unless, as before intimated, these sensuous experiences are used as mere terms and bases of *comparison* and inference.

To the natural man belong *natural senses*, by which natural things alone are cognized; to the Spirit man belong *spiritual senses*, by which the objects and scenery of the spiritual world alone are cognized; and although there is a general parallelism between these two degrees of sensational life, and their respective objects, they are, as *degrees*, in their abstract nature so

totally different from each other as to have absolutely nothing in common. The senses as appropriate to the two states, are generally called natural and spiritual senses, for the sake of distinction; but, as we have before intimated, they might more properly be called the natural and spiritual *degrees* of the same five senses, even as the present and future state of being are but, the natural and spiritual degrees of the same immortal life. It is as to their *degrees*, alone, that they are totally different.

Moreover, the differences of these two states are not differences of *continuous* degrees by which one might insensibly pass into the other, as light passes into shade, cold into heat, hardness into softness, solidity into fluidity, but they are differences of *discrete* or *separate* degrees, analogous to those which distinguish the solid portions of the earth from the water, and the water from the atmosphere; the mineral from the vegetable, and the vegetable from the animal; the senses from the reason, and the reason from the affections. As each of these general departments of creation consists of a *trine* of discrete or separate degrees that are bound together in one system, so the department of intelligent or human creation consists of a *trine* of degrees that are equally distinct and separate, which may in general, though in somewhat inadequate terms, be defined as the *natural* world, or world of external sense; the *spiritual* world, or the world of substantial mentality; and the *celestial* world, or the world of essential life, love and its affections. Although these several worlds, states or degrees, are contiguous to each other, bound up together in one and the same general system, and mutually act and react upon each other, (as the solid earth, the water and the atmosphere, or the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, or the sensational, rational and affectional natures of man mutually act and react upon each other)—although, we say, this is the case, it is evident that these worlds, states or degrees can not commune or commingle with each other on the same plane, any more than the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, or the sensational, rational and affectional natures of man, can commune or commingle on the same plane; but their only proper, normal, and reliable communication must be by *correspondence*, that is, by *answering and re-answering mutually to each other*, while each stands by itself, and preserves its distinctness. There is, to be sure, such a thing as influx from the spiritual into the natural degree, producing a *quasi* commingling of the two degrees; but concerning the nature and effects of this influx, and its liabilities to produce mistaken impressions when the *distinctions* between the two states, and the laws of their correspondence, are not understood, we hope to be able to give some important explanations and illustrations hereafter.

We have been thus particular in pointing out and illustrating these distinctions between the two worlds or degrees, because of the almost universal tendency of minds in this natural world, (which is properly the outer sensational world,) to endeavor to conceive of the things of the Spirit-world as imaginable objects of the same kind or degree of sense with which we perceive the outstanding objects of this world. Such minds are perpetually thinking that spiritual objects must necessarily be composed of some kind of rarified matter, and must have extension, shape, size, superficies, such as *natural* objects have, and must be located in some specific direction, and at some specific distance in natural space, from where the contemplator at the time stands. All this, if our philosophy be correct, is entirely out of the question, and can not properly be even thought of, any more than we can properly think, from the stand-point of *external sense*, of shapes, relative distances, and localities of the different affections, intelligences and thoughts of the human soul. Even those who unquestionably have some degree of open interior perception sometimes fall into the error here pointed out. One person, for example, bringing into the natural degree the remembrance of an interior experience, says that at such a time he saw a certain Spirit come into his room and seat himself upon the side of his bed. Properly speaking, the Spirit, (if he retained the normal spiritual state) did not seat himself upon the bed at all, nor could he even directly see or touch a material bed; and if the seer will reflect, he will remember that at the moment he, with *interior* vision, saw the Spirit, the bed and all other furniture of the room, and even the walls themselves, *entirely disappeared*; and the truth of the case is, that the

spiritual position or *state* of that Spirit with reference to his spirit, was simply that *corresponding* to a sitting posture upon the bed as conceived by the outer senses. Another seer, in like manner returning to the outer sensuous state after a trance, relates, without understanding the differences of the two states, that he saw the Spirit of a dying woman escape from her body, and organize itself as a refined material, gaseous or electric form over her mortal remains, and then *walk*, with accompanying Spirits, upward through the strata of the terrestrial atmosphere as over a high mountain, disappearing in the distance. Now there may have been a *spiritual* mountain there, to the Spirit as absolutely substantial and tangible as a material mountain can be to man in the flesh; but the mixing up of material and spiritual things in this description is a mistake which a better understanding of spiritual and natural distinctions and their correspondences would probably have prevented. Another seeress, in a series of trances, made, as she supposed, a succession of visits to the moon and to different planets, where she saw and identified numerous Spirits from the earth in various states of discipline, instruction and elevation. But the spheres which she visited could not have been the *material* moon and planets, as not only is evident from the fact that these *natural* orbs can be habitations only for corresponding *natural* degrees of creation, but as many particulars of her own description clearly show; and the spheres which she visited were evidently *spiritual* spheres *corresponding* to her natural apprehension of those material orbs. Another and well-known seer has recently published, among many other remarkable things, descriptions of his visits to the "fixed star Cassiopeia," and the "fixed star Orion," as "so-called by earthly astronomers," and of the many wonders which were there disclosed to him; but for the very good reason, if for none others, that there are no fixed stars "called by earthly astronomers" Cassiopeia and Orion, we must believe, to avoid a less charitable conclusion, that the spheres into which our seer was intromitted, were *spiritual* spheres, or perhaps more properly *dream-spheres*, *corresponding* to the erroneous apprehensions of his *natural* mind concerning the existence of such material stars or suns.

And so, by the clue of discrete degrees and correspondences, we think many important truths might be traced in the announcements of seers and Spirit mediums which, contemplated merely from a *natural* or sensuous stand-point, are the sheepest and most ridiculous absurdities; and should we even fail, in future efforts, to offer anything farther and satisfactory on the main subject of our present inquiries, we shall still hope that the hints and illustrations presented in this article will prove valuable to those minds to whose wants and capacities they may be adapted.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TRENTON FALLS, July 16, 1859.

We have often heard of Trenton Falls, but never visited them before this day. They are situated in Oneida county, N. Y., about fourteen miles north of Utica, and within about half a mile of the depot on the Black River Railroad, where stages are always in waiting to take passengers to the hotel, which is a very good house, about 160 feet in front, with a wing of some sixty feet. It is situated on the slope of ground within a few rods of the river, and within a quarter or half a mile of the Falls. Surrounding the house, except in front, is a beautiful grove of large forest trees, which extend back to the river and the Falls, intersected with convenient paths and supplied here and there with seats. On the whole, it is a delightful summer resort. There were not so many visitors as we expected to see, nor so many as could be comfortably accommodated at the hotel, neither did they seem to be so superfluously dressed and fashionable as at Saratoga, Newport and Niagara, but they looked and acted quite as sensible.

The river is formed by the junction of the West Canada Creek and Black Creek. At the distance of twenty rods from the hotel, is the bank of the stream. We descended five tiers of steps, which landed us on the solid rock forming the bed of the river, and about one hundred feet below the surface; and here we see the banks rising nearly perpendicularly, in some places projecting over us in a frightful manner. The water at this season of the year being low, it is generally carried off in the deep gullies which wind from one side to the other, and leaves a very tolerable sidewalk for sure footed pedestrians.

In many places narrow paths are made by blasting and picking away the rock, and a chain is fastened with bolts into the side ledge to take hold of for greater security against a misstep. These waters have worn out this immense gully through a ledge of pudding rock existing in layers of from one-quarter of an inch to twelve inches. There are from four hundred to eight hundred of these layers from the summit to the bed of the river, and between each layer there is from one-eighth of an inch to one inch of decomposed, crumbly rock or earth.

In these rocks forming the banks of the river are various forms of fin and shell fish and of insects, of which we secured several specimens from the very bed of the river, which is more than a hundred feet from the surface and several hundred layers down. In going up the stream from the stairs about thirty-seven rods, we meet a fall of thirty-three feet, and about forty rods above this, is what is called the High Fall. This fall is about one hundred feet, and the walls of the river are about one hundred feet still above them, and large hemlock, spruce and hard wood trees cover the very verge of the projecting banks, reaching up some eighty feet higher, and forming from the base one of the grandest scenes in nature. Still above this is what is called the Milldam Falls, which are about fourteen feet high. The opening of this deep chasm at the top varies from one to three hundred yards.

There are on the river bottom and by the side of its deepest channel, in dry seasons, to be seen wells worn out from six to ten feet in diameter, perfectly smooth and filled with water, and from their appearance we should judge they are very deep. On the sides of the stream curious shaped curves are formed by the action of the water. The chasm commences at Boon's Bridge, about three miles from the starting place, and the fall here is about twenty feet. Visitors should take a full day to inspect these Falls, and ladies should wear nothing for shoes thinner than strong calf-skin, and by all means short (or bloomer) dresses. We have seen Niagara Falls, which are too stupendous for description. They more than fill the broadest conceptions. These Trenton Falls are more varied and interesting, and their interest is increased by the wonderful variety of fossilized fish and insects; and finally, an incomprehensible book of nature is here opened, and is a perpetual challenge to the deepest meditation of man.

REV. HIRAM MATTISON.

It will be remembered that about the year 1852, we felt called upon to use our columns in the effort to keep this man in the neighborhood of truth and decency, in his statements and publications concerning Spiritualism. We found that, however, quite out of the question, as his book on the subject abundantly shows. He seemed to us then to be one of the most venomous specimens of the *bipedal* creation with which we had ever met. We find him now in a vituperative quarrel with the Editor of the leading paper of his own denomination, the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, which seems to involve his integrity of speech and conduct as a Methodist minister. He seems desirous of rule or ruin—to act Hiram Mattison rather than as becomes a Christian preacher, and he is taken to task about it by the Editor. Mattison equivocates, lugs in old and foreign matters by way of obscuring real issues, and without answering the questions in dispute. He makes a flourish about being called on to answer certain things without being told the name of the informant. He charges the Editor with being a Spiritualist instead of believing his book on the subject, (a very serious charge, by the way.) We will give him the benefit of a short quotation from his long letter, occupying a whole column of that large paper. He says to the Editor, among other things:

You deny having indorsed Spiritualism. Well, then, I can't understand English. In the *National Magazine* for February, 1853, you speak thus of it:

"It will not do for them, [our scientific men] to scout the thing as jugglery, delusion, folly. It is not jugglery, and the world now well enough knows it is not; it is not sheer delusion—that the world also understands well enough; and as to folly, that is a vague term." etc.

Farther on you say:

"There is also, gentlemen of science, an undeniable mystery of truth, an undeniable scientific element in it—a demonstrable reality in these new phenomena."

In the same article you gallantly defended the Fox and Fish girls, on this wise:

"A few obscure women first observed in Rochester, N. Y., this new marvel. They have been laughed at all over the land as deluded. They have been, perhaps, in part; but the civilized world is now ex-

perimenting and attesting the main fact at first announced by them, and, unquestionably, a new scientific agent of untold interest, and, it may be of importance, has been thus brought out and propounded to the scientific inquirers of the age."

Now, if this is not an indorsement, of the pretended phenomena of Spiritualism, and of their really scientific character, I know not what would be. Like some others who have since seen their folly, you certainly fully indorsed the phenomena, etc., in opposition to the ground taken by myself in my book upon the subject, viz., that the phenomena were mere trickery and self-deception combined, and the whole thing an infidel humbug.

The Editor replies in a straightforward, kind-tempered, dignified article, from which we make the following extracts:

"Of the 'spiritualistic folly' he gives enough of our language (though broken up) to show that what we said in our late article was correct—we believe in the physical phenomena of that matter—not an iota in its pretended spiritual agency, from above or from beneath. * * * Mr. M., if we understand the matter, has again and again declared in the most emphatic manner that he was not an office-seeker at the last General Conference; his brethren then ask, What about this singular circular? To suppose that he 'forged' the signatures, in the real sense of that phrase, is not necessary to the case. A man who is right is never afraid to be questioned about matters he himself undertakes to explain. For him to turn about and insist that his questioners shall be interrogated on their own affairs, entirely remote from the matter in hand, is a funny sort of logic which can only amuse all spectators. In a mere matter of literary tactics or logical gladiatorialship, this might be well enough, for the spectators are then interested in the exhibition of the sport; but this is a case which interests otherwise all the brethren of Mr. M. He is one of their brother preachers; he professes to represent their common cause in his sphere; he has undertaken to explain certain matters of deep concernment to them in his proceedings. Some of them request of him further light on certain essential points. He answers as above. In fine, had we aimed by adroitness to lead Mr. M. to a result entirely favorable to his enemies, if he has such, we could not have been more successful. But we have not thus aimed. We are not his enemy; we wish him to see the error of his course and to turn from it; we believe him capable of usefulness, but we also believe that he has entirely mistaken his appropriate sphere in attempting to be a leader of a party. We have wished by our questions to get all the satisfactory light we could from him, about the unfortunate matters in debate. We have sought for every opportunity to concede anything as he has proceeded. We sincerely regret that he now leaves the matter where his readers will feel that there remains but one alternative, to decide for themselves.

"We have omitted two or three parts of sentences from Mr. M.'s article, according to our rules about unnecessary bitterness of language; they do not in the least affect the argument; and if he demurs to their omission, we shall allow our readers to judge by publishing them separately. The course of this discussion shall not be exasperated by unnecessary verbal bitterness."

Clerical Abusiveness.

We take the following from the *Boston Investigator*, an infidel paper, so called, and why should it not be infidel when such language as is contained in the extract is in use by the so-called Christians? We ourselves are, and rejoice to be, infidel to a state of mind (call it religious, Christian, or anything else) from which such language can flow; and we are glad to be infidel to a cause which needs the use of such language and comparisons. The language signifies to us a deep-seated infidelity to good, to man, to thought and utterance, and to truth and righteousness. When we see a man's body crushed or mangled by another, we shudder; but to us it is ten-fold more terrible for a man to crush and mangle another's earnest thought, as has the so-called Elder Knapp. The article is as follows:

DIGNITY OF THE CLOTH.—The Rev. W. S. Burton, pastor of the Universalist Church, Dayton, Ohio, recently addressed a note to Elder Jacob Knapp, of the Baptist Church, at the same place, inviting the latter to a public discussion of the point whether the Bible teaches the final holiness of the human race.

Elder Knapp, responds in a long letter, in which he contended that Universalists are all madmen, who ought to be sent to some lunatic asylum. He declines the joint discussion for several reasons, the fifth and sixth of which are thus stated by him:

"I have never known a Universalist Minister, (and I have known many of them) who would acknowledge or own up when he was used up; but like a goose, when thoroughly 'picked,' not a pin-feather left, and thrown over the fence, would jump up and run after you hissing.

"I decline the challenge upon the same principle that the lion in the fable did when met by a skunk and challenged to a battle. The lion declined—the skunk asked, 'Are you afraid?' 'No,' said the lion, 'but if I have a battle with you, you will always have the honor of fighting with a lion; but as for me, every body will know, for months to come, that I have been in company with a skunk.'

"Yours, with a sincere desire and prayer to God, that you may cast away your damning heresy, recover yourself out of the snare of the Devil, and become as zealous in defending the truth, as you are in promoting a lie.

JACOB KNAPP."

A great many persons affect to be horrified and disgusted with the harsh language which frequently finds its way into newspaper discussions; but we venture to say that, as a general thing, controversies between Reverend gentlemen invariably fall to the degraded character betrayed in the response of Elder Knapp.

"Elder Knapp, the Baptist preacher, Known as the Devil, as a teacher."

What a benign and softening influence, such principles have upon our *courser* nature! They are certainly refreshing.

THE MAD-STONE.

We copy the following from the *Henry Courier*, Marshall Co., Ill. The writer thinks it is a great superstition for a man bitten by a mad dog to apply the mad-stone for an antidote. This talk may be very well for a man who has not been bitten; but let a mad dog get hold of a man, and he begins then to think earnestly of the chances of life; his previous determination to live and die by a practice which never cures hydrophobia, wavers; he becomes careless of even what Mrs. Grundy may say if he should be cured by other means, and in this dilemma he applies the mad-stone, or possibly applies to a Spirit medium to cast out the dog, and run the risk, if successful, (and his life should be preserved,) of being cast out of society and the Church, for it. We are accustomed to talk flippantly, and with a good deal of pretension to learning and to freedom, about the custom of the Chinese in taking their old worn-out people to the bank of the river, and laying them down where the next rise of tide will sweep them off, and the losing of caste by these victims if they falter and come ashore; but how much less superstitious are we, and how much less does one of us lose caste, if cured of a mad-dog bite by other than the regular practice? Mrs. Grundy turns up her nose as much as to say, You are not alive by any right, but through an irregular manner by "climbing up some other way."

It is said that everything has its use. What, then, is the use of a mad-dog bite? We answer, to break up the superstition that it is better to die by an old established practice, than to live by a new and irregular antidote. We believe there is an antidote to hydrophobia; it may be the mad-stone. The editor heads his article as follows:

A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.

We stated in our last that a Mr. Mallory and Mr. Ward of this city, had been bitten by a mad dog, and had gone to try the virtues of a "mad-stone" in the central part of this State. The parties returned home on Monday evening last, having applied the stone, and have every reason to believe they are cured. Mr. Mallory called at our office on Tuesday, and gives the following account of the operation:

He found the "mad-stone" in the possession of Mr. J. P. Evans, of Lincoln, Logan County, and describes it as a small flesh-colored stone, about two inches broad, half an inch thick, and very porous. The stone was first placed in warm water for an hour, and applied to the flesh wound, when it adhered firmly for several hours, all the time drawing, with a strong suction, the blood from all parts of the body. After remaining on several hours the stone, as it became charged with the poison, became of milky whiteness, as also did the flesh immediately about the wound, when all at once it fell off, and being placed in warm milk emitted a strong offensive odor, and gradually discharged its contents into the milk, and assumed its natural color again. It was then again applied with the same result several times, until finally it would adhere no longer, and the patient was declared cured. The parties have all confidence in the treatment, and feel an assurance that they have averted an awful death, particularly as it has since been ascertained that the dog that bit them was in reality mad, and a mare belonging to Mr. Bickerman which was bit the same day, has already been attacked with hydrophobia, and is probably dead by this time.

Mr. Mallory states that there were several other patients from various parts of the country, awaiting at Mr. Evans' to apply the stone, and that it had never been known, when applied in time, to fail in affecting a cure.

Death of Rev. Charles Hammond.

On Sunday evening, July 10th, Rev. Charles Hammond, of Rochester, N. Y., quitted the earthly sphere and passed into the spiritual degree of his immortal life. The disease which caused his abandonment of the earthly body was consumption. Mr. H. was ordained as a Universalist preacher some thirty years ago, and was for many years a successful and influential laborer in the ministry of that sect. He was settled over various societies in western New York, and finally located at Rochester, where, many years ago, he edited and published a Universalist paper. At an early stage of the spiritual manifestations, he became a firm believer in those new phenomena, and a writing medium, in which latter capacity he was the instrument of producing several works, among the principal of which are the little books well known to the Spiritualist public under the several titles of, "Light from the Spirit-world," "The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine," and "Philosophy of the Spirit-world." His views of Spiritualism remained unchanged to the hour of his death; and after patiently enduring the sufferings incident to his disease, he met the crisis of mortality with a firm faith in God and a better future. The *Christian Ambassador*, in noticing his death, says:

"Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the wisdom of his course in withdrawing from the ministry of Universalism, or in regard to the soundness of his late views, all who knew him unite in saying that he acted in a spirit of deep sincerity, that he was an upright citizen, a good neighbor, and a Christian."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Sunday evening Discourses are regularly published, verbatim, in this paper, on the Tuesday following their delivery.

REV. H. W. BEECHER'S DISCOURSE.

DELIVERED AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 24, 1859.

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?"—PSALM, 42: 2.

There is such a thing as longing for God—as yearning for Heaven. The old psalmist was a true poet, and he sang his weary song of hope and desire with a kind of despair—a spirit of sickness of heart from hope deferred: and if such descants as this were the only intimations in the Bible, we might hesitate before we spoke of such feelings as belonging to ordinary Christian experience. And yet it was not to him a mere fantasy, nor vague inspiration of mere poetic fancy. Paul the practical, Paul the worker expresses the same sentiment only in a way suitable to his nature; thus he says, "I am in a strait betwixt two; having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." When he thought of himself and of his own blessedness, his desire was to leave this world and be with Christ; but when he thought of his ministry—of those that, everywhere he went, needed more assurance and confirmation, he retracted the desires that related to himself alone, and felt that it was better to wait, and live and labor upon earth. So it was the calm balance, in his case, of reasoning.

Likewise in the 2d Corinthians, 5th chap., he says, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with an house which is from Heaven; if so be, that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we could be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing, is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit."

In this language, the Apostle has disclosed in a guarded way a qualified statement of the same feeling, and declares it to be the divine working in the hearts of God's people. It is not a mere inspiration and glow of human feeling, then; it is a deep and settled state, reasonable, and to be reasoned upon; one which the Apostle had thought out; it was just as possible to him at one time as at another.

These longings after Heaven and a desire to see God and to inherit the blessedness of Heaven, will be looked at in a very different way by different persons. Some persons looking at it differently, scorn at it; some reason about it; some believe in it. By a certain kind of religious persons it will be held to appear not only natural and charming, but as almost the very essence of religion. There are some persons who deem themselves to be Christians just in proportion as they find themselves drawn away from the active duties of this life, and longing for the vague and imaginary duties of the life to come.

But on the other hand, these will be balanced by a class of material, cautious, scientific set of men, who will deem all such feelings as these to be fantasies. They will reason in this way: Man was made for his place, and it is here in this world; although the world is not absolutely perfect as a place of abode, yet it is relatively perfect. Thus, considering man as a creature to be developed, this world is just the world to develop him. They say man was created with instinctive love of life, and consequently a desire to die is either an unhealthy and morbid state, or else a gentle sentimental deception—a real puff of religious fervor, without any practical religion at the bottom of it. It must be admitted there is a great deal of truth in this way of following out this want of man. Indeed it is argued—and argued correctly to a certain extent—that man's place being in this world, and this life being an ordinance of God, it is his duty to live, and in consequence to wish to live; and that to desire to die before that duty is indicated to him by God in his providence, is a wandering of the imagination and of the affections; and it is not to be supposed, they will say, that any real religious inspiration would move and control the Christian mind to do anything unlawful—such as a desire to depart this life must needs be.

I remark, then, in view of these conflicting opinions: First, No proper longing for the other life, or for the meeting of the soul with God, can be expected to arise in persons who are destitute of a profound moral nature—who, being careless of religion here, suppose this is a desire for holiness hereafter. There is great deal of what people suppose to be a longing for God which is spurious; there is a great deal which is not only not beneficial, but which is positively harmful, of that longing for the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

On the other hand, we perceive a great many men that are robust, manly, contented, patient, laborious and useful, who declare that they never have any such desires as these; they declare that they are so occupied with the performance of God's will in the present, that they really have no particular opportunity to think about these things of the future: they let these things take care of themselves. They say God will take care of the future; their business is to live and labor. Even so, if this is the way they feel, then it is their business to live and labor for God, and leave the future to him. They need not be pained because they do not have this longing for God and for better things in another world; let them be faithful to their place in life and to their duty, and wait for God till he shall come and take them to him.

But on another hand, suppose there are men equally patient and laborious, equally willing to live—even to three score years and ten, if God please—and work to the very last moment; yet they bear witness that in the intervals of labor there are such longings in the soul to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Is their testimony to be set aside? Are they who are so zealous in every duty to be called laggards, and slothful and dreamers? Are they to be set aside? And yet they bear witness, that beside all the love of life and duty, there is an unquenchable yearning for something higher and better, something beyond the bounds of flesh, something to be developed in the spiritual world. Now therefore if we find this spirit developed only in indolent, laggard and sentimental minds, we may doubt whether it is true in them; but when we find it in true, strong, earnest men, I do not know that we have any right to doubt whether it is wholesome and divine.

Second, I suppose the longings for the future, which spring from a disgust of this world—from a want of success, or an account of the

presence and continuation of pain and sickness—are to be regarded with severe suspicion. There are a great many persons who are not as wise as the Apostle: he said he desired not to be unclothed, but rather to be clothed upon, making the most careful distinction between the desire to be clothed upon and the disgust of the world—and if any man had occasion to want to go forth from the world, Paul had: he had all there was in it of sharpness, burden and disgust: he was declared to die daily, he was counted as the offscouring of the earth; yet with all this experience he carefully avoided saying that he wished to leave the world: not to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon; not to get rid of things here with their imperfections and limitations, but to attain to the glorious things he saw there, their higher excellence and noble conceptions. These were what had an influence upon him.

When, therefore, we find men simply disgusted because their burdens are so heavy—I say while we are to look on this with severe suspicion—yet it is not charitable to say that we cannot even under such circumstances be allowed to wish to leave this world. I can conceive of a man who, with the noblest instincts and with the prolonged endeavors of the best years of his life, has sought God's cause and the public good, only to bring down on himself persecution and mischief: I can imagine that there are lying in dungeons in convulsed Italy men who have for scores of years never seen the sun rise or set, who have not seen the gentle dew from heaven glisten in the morning light; I can imagine them already weakened in body and mind, knowing that in this life their work is done, their name and their kindred are gone from them never to return; I can not undertake to say it were wrong for them to put up the morning and evening prayer, "O God, let me depart; it is better to be with thee!" Let us have some compassion for the unfortunate. Nor would we say that was a wrong experience in the life of the slave who had chanced to fall into the hands of a cruel master; to whom all hope and expectation in life had been denied: if he should look out from his bondage in this life and hope there was some sphere in which the manhood of the slave would be recognized. I would not say it were wrong that their best instincts, that all their manhood should take hold of the future, and they should look for the time when they should have a fair chance in this world, or among their fellows. Let us be lenient to persons crowded to the extremity of distress, who see no hope before them in this life. Let us suppose they may, blameless, long for the experience of another world where they may have a better chance than in this world. And if men don't have a better chance, all I can say is, that I am sorry for the poor, the oppressed, the weak, the overridden, and for the wretched of all the world.

Third. All longings for rest which spring from an unwillingness to bear one's share of earthly life, and from a desire to lay down the weapons before the battle is done, are not only to be severely suspected, but are to be repressed. I think it is eminently becoming for every man to glory in work, and to rejoice in it; if it is work done for Christ's sake. If we study our avocations and our work as if they were all for ourselves, and of our own superscription, we do wrong; but if we carry into the great work of life the feeling that we are workmen for Christ and with Christ—that we are still working out the Master's cause, then the natural development of Christian feeling is, "I work till Christ is satisfied, and when he wants me he will call me home."

On the other hand, there are genuine longings for God, even among men of prosperous life, who are content to perform their duty to the uttermost. I can conceive of several moods in which superior natures—or all natures in superior moods—may desire to depart and be with Christ, "which is better than life": in which they may say, with the psalmist, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?"

In the first place, it belongs to all active minds. I suppose, to wrestle much with questions of faith and with questions of truth. I know not that there is any power in faith to check the outgoings of the understanding; yet every Christian that is a friend (as in our land almost every one necessarily is,) to fearless thinking—the experience of such a one, I suppose, is that there are times of obscurity and doubt. If you do think, there is one class of evils, and if you don't think, there is another class of evils; for upon the whole the evils that come from fearless thinking are less, and the blessings much greater, than those that come from not thinking. If I did not feel at liberty to be a preacher till I found myself free from all skepticisms, all doubt, and all unsettled questions, I should never preach. I know more of these things than you do, simply because my very business directs me to the investigation of such things. I know that the human understanding creeps slowly toward great truths. I know there are times in which it seems as though the foundations were all taken away and everything was uncertain, and no man knew on what to tread. There are times, I think, in the experience of every man who is trained to intellectual investigations, in which he feels as the disciples felt when they were bestormed out upon the open sea, and at last they saw Christ coming to them walking on the waves, and they cried out for fear and then for joy.

How oftentimes do we steer the ship of duty along the troubled sea, when it seems as though it was all storm above and all devouring waves beneath, and the soul calls out for God and longs for him; and if there comes, wafted as it were in answer to our prayer, a certainty that God is, and that he is the living God, the whole soul longs to go out from this world as from a picture or a dream, and longs to go forth into that life where there is everlasting certainty and knowledge, where we shall know as we are known—I know not that this is to be rebuked.

In the second place: I can conceive of those to whom justice and uprightness is a supreme element of the divine nature—men whose character is keyed upon conscience, who are themselves upright, and who measure character by uprightness, who study it and long for it, whose imagination plays around about this as the serenest, divinest quality of all. I can conceive that such persons can form such a conception of God as a high, holy, and perfect being—as to be attracted with the utmost longings toward him. This is not given to every one, but it is not therefore to be denied to some. I believe there are just men who have desires rising up before them with such conceptions of God's ineffable holiness, and of the transcendent beauty of the divine nature, the perfect uprightness and goodness of it—that everything in them is homesick for God. I never think of their experience but I revere it in them; and so far from rebuking them, I think it is as if God had made them a window in heaven, and through them was let down a knowledge of that experience that belongs to the true normal state of the soul.

In the third place: There is given to some a sense of the divine goodness and loveliness—a perception of the boundless goodness of God—and the heart goes out with the force of love in longings unutterable. I know this is so; I speak from my own experience in this matter, for there have been hours when it seemed to me that all the world was but one vast symbol to represent to my thinking the

boundlessness of God's goodness; when all nature, and the boundless abundance thereof, seemed to me to be very poor to represent what is the height, the length, the depth, and the breadth of the love of God in Christ Jesus, which, after all investigation and understanding, passes and surpasses our understanding. There have been hours when it seemed to me as if Christ was so ineffable, and the love of God so transcendent, that it were better to die and be with him. I believe this is not altogether an uncommon experience. Some are attracted to God by his ineffable perfection of justice, and some by the ineffable perfection of God in love and benevolence; either of them are true and normal.

In the fourth place: There may also be such a sense of gratitude to Christ, such a sense of obligation to him, as shall draw a noble nature with the utmost desire to meet him. This is not a repetition of the former thought; it is a very important variation of it. I think there come times to us when all our life comes to us, not only in the love of Christ to us, but there comes to us an inspired, God-given view of Christ's fidelity to us, of the orderings of God's grace, and of God's providence toward us; and we look back upon our life, and see its connection to parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, and all the influences that surround us; and then comes through all this large, as well as minute way of looking at life, a feeling of God's faithfulness to us, a feeling that all the way through God has thought for us and arranged for us. How many things does the mother do for her children in secret, and how many things do they inherit of which, in their waking hours, they know nothing! And if such is true of parents, how many mercies by day and by night, of which there is no account, has God hidden up for us! I think there is such a feeling as this, which cannot wait, but longs to go before God and say, "O rehearse and disclose the whole history of God's fidelity!" The heart is all full of feeling and longing to pour itself out before God. It is a sublime impulse of divine inspiration, and God-given, which draws the heart toward God—blessed are they that have it!

In the fifth place: There may also be a very deep and refined longing to be free from sin; not in this sense, as unwilling to fight out the moral problem that is given to every one of us. There is a moral strife that involves problems to every man, and we are to evolve them to the uttermost. But there is another way of looking at sinfulness as a burden upon Jesus. There may be in refined and noble natures such a sense of sin as being a trouble to Christ, as casting burdens upon him, as requiring more and more forbearance on his part. I think there are natures of that refinement, and there are, out of such experiences, longings to depart and be with Christ, which is on that account better than life.

I remark still farther: There is a right in us to long for that true manhood and that perfection of character which is not to be expected in this life. And by as much as man knows about himself, in that proportion as we look in, in that proportion as we get a sense of the largeness of that nature which we carry, in that proportion do we get a sense of its imperfection. I think there is a doctrine of depravity that every man can know in his own experience; not any technical, theological doctrine, but a sense of the non-attainment to that which God designed for man in his plan of our nature, so that we are, comparatively speaking, void and waste and but imperfectly grown; and this is the more painful as it stands contrasted with what God gave us as our capacity for being. When we get some conception of what man is when clothed with the highest imagination and in all moral uprightness; when we see for what he was created in the exhibitions of his veneration, of his faith, of his hope, and of his affection; when we see what he shall be when all the baser parts are cast away, and that which is invisible shall come out perfected and ripened, is it wrong for man, glancing even at that portion into which he is to come, that he should long to reach it? Though we are willing to stay and work it out, it is not wrong for us to feel, as it were, how sweet it will be when we walk with God as kings and priests. Do you never feel the touch of God's crown on your heads? Amid all the weakness of life, do you never lift up yourself with amazing dignity, which has no pride in it—are you not lifted up higher than the mountain tops by the thought—"I am the son of God; I have a soul that shall yet walk higher than ever crowned head walked on earth!" These are experiences that belong to man, not to be rebuked, but to be desired.

There is also a just ground for longing for the perfected society of heaven, which is described by the Apostle so vividly and so beautifully in the 12th chapter of Hebrews: "For ye are not come unto the Mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more; but ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

How bitter a thing it is to live among men! I think the more we love, the more we feel pained at the imperfections of those we love. Who is there who is a parent, who does not see through all the imperfections of his own children? And who walks with any companion who does not, after all, seem wretchedly imperfect? Yet there is in the human heart that which longs to revere another; there is an element of hero-worship, but where shall you find your heroes? The nearer you get to men, the more patient you are with them; I think it is because you know more thoroughly their weaknesses.

And who shall say it is wrong to desire to rest at last in that state where all our companionships shall be noble as God can make them? I think there are yearnings in every true manly heart for that perfected state. For my own part, I never see great qualities of endurance, of daring, of generosity, I never see traits of loveliness, that they do not instantly suggest to me the possibilities of human character in the heavenly state. I never see their opposites that I do not go from, and that I do not feel the want of, the opposite state which is to come out only in heaven. So that both ways, the experience of my soul is to wish to see the "assembly of just men made perfect." I have seen assemblies enough; I think I have seen assemblies of men better than other men, but I have never yet seen a perfect man; I have never yet seen two together. I have never stood in a congregation of men; whom I knew to be settled in the goodness of God. It would be, even if but for a single hour, an experience far transcending all we have ever known of earthly joy or satisfaction.

Shall we be forbidden to break our bounds from this hard and material life; shall we be forbidden to fly away and take in such scenes as this? If they unfit us for daily life, they may be reprimanded: but if they make us more patient—and they should, they should—if they should answer what the Apostle demands in this thing, then they are to be sought for. At any rate, I think that Christ, through the long experience of men, makes them more and more, as they ad-

vance in reason, to come into this state, where they come as from the land of Beulah and the mountain of Prospect, where we look away to the heavenly land. For as we walk, the voice that yesterday sang to us is silent to-day; the voice that to-day counsels us, is mute to-morrow; the children who make our house rich, like the birds who can not stay when the winter comes, spread their wings and fly away into another land. And shall God take all that we have learned to love, all that exalted life and dignified it, and carry it to that blessed land, without saying to us, "Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also?" and shall we deem it unfit and wrong for us to live much with our thoughts resting and brooding in heaven?

I think by these providences God makes our path up there easy; and by our frequent coming, I think we bring back something of the savor of that blessed land upon our garments; and we afterward are as men who walk in gardens filled with sweet spices—though they have left the garden, the odors of it have not left them. You are better citizens, better men, and better Christians; and by and by, you will fall asleep as to sweet dreams; and dreaming that it is a dream, you will awake and find it is an unchanged and everlasting reality.

O to meet you in heaven! O to meet mine there, and all whom I love! And higher than that, to meet Jesus there, to be known of him, and even as I am known to know him! It transcends all that the world has, and all that the heart can desire—may this be our happy lot! Amen.

THE SPIRIT AND ITS HABITATION.

WINDHAM, July 17, 1859.

A QUESTION FOR "PSYCHE."

A writer in the TELEGRAPH, with the above signature, in "Psycho-Cosmos, No 3," says:

"The belief that the spiritual world is but a refined and rarified material body, is almost universal among so-called Spiritualists. This notion, of course, involves a *locality* for that world, and the necessity of a Spirit traveling to it."

If it does involve a *locality* for that world, the question is, Why shall we have to travel to get to it? Is man a Spirit clothed with flesh? If so, then is the substance of that Spirit brought from some far-distant "locality" to permeate the body of a man? or does it exist in and permeate all matter, thus making every man in the Spirit-world without traveling to it? It is just as reasonable to suppose that water would be brought from the Pacific Ocean in buckets, and that each man had to travel there for his supply which permeates and makes up his system, as that Spirit-substance is fenced in some far-off locality, and that we must travel there to get a Spirit-body made, or to go to the Spirit-world.

The truth is, we are born into eternity and into the Spirit-world. The butterfly, having been evolved from a worm, can in consequence soar into the atmosphere, which it could not do before; so the butterfly gets a locality in the atmosphere and on the ground, to suit its fancy—so man is born into the Spirit-world, and when death ensues, is enabled by that change to change his locality in the Spirit-world (not go to it), from the surface of the earth upward as we trace distances in space. It is the inhabitants of a city that make the city. The land and water are all there, but there is no city without the people. I conceive it to be the same with the Spirit-world, that it is everywhere in the creation, and where Spirits who have passed the change of death do congregate and live in spheres or societies, whether this be on the earth or in the atmosphere. When such associations take place, it becomes localized, and one can go to it and come away again; but it does not follow in consequence that the Spirit-world is limited to that particular locality, for you must consider it as unlimited as the Spirit of the Deity "in whom we live and move and have our being." c.

The Spiritualists' Pic-Nic.

On Monday of last week, according to previous appointment, the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity held a pic-nic at Pleasant valley on the Jersey Shore, a few miles above this city. The weather was beautiful, and some hundreds of persons (not quite so many as in former years) congregated upon the ground, and enjoyed themselves, throughout the day, in a very rational manner, and in general pic-nic-fashion, without exhibiting to outsiders many of the more sharply defined peculiarities of Spiritualists. After the contents of the baskets were disgorged, and with a hearty good will engorged, speeches were made by several persons, the more salient points of which consisted of ideas, *pro et contra*, on the question whether immortality is the common inheritance of all mankind, or whether idiots and some other of the lowest specimens of humanity do not terminate their conscious existence with the death of the body. Some very admirable singing by a lady added greatly to the gratification of the assembly. The whole affair passed off in a very pleasant manner, the party returning in the evening safely, and quite sensibly benefited in body and soul by the relaxation and social festivities of the day.

STRANGE FEATS OF MEDIUMSHIP.

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DEAR SIR: * * * I have induced a few persons here to read the TELEGRAPH, and I am led to believe that the seed which it scattered in their minds has found a good soil. We have also formed a developing circle by the kind assistance of Thomas White, of Ohio, and which we are keeping up once a week. I have myself been developed as a dial medium, which is of infinite satisfaction to me. I can now daily hold "sweet communion" with my friends in the "Spirit land." How much I wish that all mankind would lay aside their prejudices, learn, and enjoy this priceless boon.

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Mr. Vineyard is a young man of some twenty-five years of age, with little or no education, and has for some time resisted the controlling power over himself of the Spirits. His friends relate feats that he has performed which, in my opinion, are equal, if not superior, to any similar manifestations through any other medium now living. I am sure that it is so, so far as my limited knowledge extends.

When controlled, he has wrested a large bar of iron from a railroad train while under full speed, leaped fences with the agility of a deer, and on one occasion, whilst attending a gathering of Spiritualists at Gallatia, Grant county, in this State, when the meeting was disturbed by fifty opposers, who had come to treat them to a mess of eggs, this medium leaped fifteen feet up to a limb on an oak tree, which was seven inches in diameter, and wrested it from the tree. And on another occasion, at the same place, to the great consternation of all who saw him, he climbed, with apparently great ease and speed, to the extreme top of a majestic oak, and gathering a bunch of its branches within his arms, he swayed to and fro, shaking the whole tree, singing all the while. When it was asked if the Spirits would bring him down, he leaped from limb to limb, with the ease of a monkey until he reached the ground in safety.

On another occasion, he threw a five-dollar gold coin into the fire, and after letting it remain there some time, proceeded to take it out with a perfect indifference to the fire. I mention only a few of many such occurrences, as time and space will not permit me to undertake to relate the half. These feats can be attested by a score of witnesses. Mr. Vineyard is a civil, harmless young man, and much respected within the circle in which he moves. It seems to me that if his medium powers were properly developed, he would make a distinguished and useful medium. But even his relatives for a while thought him crazy, whilst his Orthodox friends told him it was the devil, and that he must bid him flee from him, and have thus sorely harassed the young men. Often, when he returns to his normal condition, he will cry like a child, declaring that he can not help it. Of late, he seems to be controlled by spirits from a low plane. If you or any one else can give any advice to this young man, I will willingly consent to be the medium. Yours, THOS. W. COOK.

A COMFORT TO BALD HEADS.—Look around you, before you! Well, what do you see? Nothing but bald men, who have all the power, all the weight, all the privilege and influence. All the great bankers are bald—all the diplomatists, all the chief editors, all the principal officers of the army, all the Senators, all the deputies, all the counsellors of State, all the magistrates, even the leaders of orchestras! The most elegant men of Paris are bald; the writers of successful vaudevilles are all bald; the porters that let you in and out at great doors are all bald; the Professors are all bald. Where is la *vanne*, if you look for rank, influence, or power! No! a man with hair on his head is a toy—a mere plaything with an oft-repeated big name. Extremes touch—the first and second childhood is equally out of date, equally decrepit. Baldness is becoming stealthily the sign of power; for every man who thinks hard in these days, *thinks off his hair*. Hail to the BALD-HEAD-CRACY!—*Paris Letter*.

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"I will close these extracts by one of a different description. At a difference of sixty or more years, I can not vouch for the accuracy of my memory in its subordinate details; but of its substantial correctness I am sure, having frequently heard it from Dr. and Mrs. Priestly, and many years after from the medical man, the late Dr. Allsop, of Calne, who was concerned in it, and whom I met in a very different circle of society.

"While Dr. Priestly occupied the place of librarian to Lord Shelburne, one day, Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestly, his father, Lord Shelburne, being then absent, I think in London. When the Doctor entered, Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and had been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate to Dr. Priestly, hoping that by so doing the painful impression would pass away.

"He then said he dreamed he had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey; he was too ill to sit up, but was carried lying down, into the carriage; his surprise was extreme in seeing carriage after carriage in an almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak; he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession at last wound slowly off. After pursuing the road for many hours towards London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a church. It was the church of High Wycombe, which is the burial-place of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in Mr. Petty's dream, that he entered or rather was carried into the church. He looked back; he saw the procession which followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the semblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke.

"Dr. Priestly told him that the dream was the result of a feverish cold, and that the impression would soon pass off. Nevertheless, he thought it better to send for the family medical attendant. Next day, Mr. Petty was much better; on the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room; but as it was in January, and illness was prevalent, he desired him on no account to leave the house—and with that precaution took his leave.

"Late the next afternoon the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road lay by the gates of Bowood, and, as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty. What was his surprise when he passed the lodge, to see the youth himself, without his hat, playfully running to meet him. He rode toward Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared; whither he knew not, but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The Doctor thought it very extraordinary, but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders, and he rode on to the house; there he learnt that Mr. Petty had just expired.

"I give this anecdote as I heard it, but I know that some time after it was the occasion of Dr. Priestly's exchanging some letters with the celebrated Mr. John Henderson, the friend of Hannah More, who was well known amidst his great talents to have been a believer in supernatural appearances, and Dr. Priestly was anxious to investigate the ground of that belief with one whose intellect placed him above the suspicion of credulity."

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BY GEORGE STEARNS.

PART FIRST—THE HARBINGER.

Oft, for cursory survey,
Mortals mope amid "decay."
Talk of age as "growing gray,"
Talk of youth as simply "gay,"
Talk of childhood in its play,
And of botanizing May—
All we should enjoy to-day
As "too beautiful to stay;"
In Progression's upward way—
Only see "Death's blighting sway;"
Still recounting pleasures past,
Ever doting on the last;
Like a baby fed to wish,
Clutching still the empty dish;
Or, like mourners at the grave
Of affection's dearest boon,
Blaming God that what he gave
He took back again too soon.

Yet will come an end of sighing:
Man will cease to talk of dying—
Living, growing, rising, soaring,
Yet shall be the general song.
Right in place of conscious wrong,
Prayer will turn to pure adoring.
Only let the Truth appear:
That's the end of mortal fear—
Man will gather earnest cheer.
Every soul that is a seer,
Is at least serene.
Heaven is not a distant sphere,
But the use of Now and Here.
Heaven is near, and very near,
When this truth is seen.

Call not Immortality
Any fixed reality.
Life's an ever-changing thing,
Like the ever-rolling year;
Winter melting into Spring,
Spring to Summer yellowing.
This to Autumn mellowing,
Autumn turning cold and sear.

Yet is Life no cheating round,
Like the circuit of a mill
Where a mule but beats the ground
For another's selfish will.
Life's an upward traveler,
And his steps are stages.
Death is not a raveler
Of the web of ages;
He is but a cavalier
On the lore of sages.

Childhood in its mimic toys
Finds the Heaven of girls and boys,
But, to men and women grown,
These their childish sports disown:
Not that we discern the child
To be cheated and beguiled;
Not that we have not been blest,
But, with change of appetite,
For the old we lose our zest,
And prefer the new delight.

What was our humanity?—
Something like inanity—
Ere the germ of infancy
Found the world of light.
Not a soul that comes to see,
Seeks again the night.
Here's the very reason why
Every mortal dreads to die.

As a baby sucks its finger,
Of its mother-gift denied;
As the heart delights to linger
Where it last was gratified:
So, till death the soul has weaned,
After earthly good is gleaned,
Ignorant of Spirit-birth,
Not at all refusing it,
Infant Psyche clings to Earth.
As if she were choosing it:
Not so careless of true Worth
As afraid of losing it.

Why should man so long be haunted
With the fear of nothingness?
If the truth of Hope were granted,
Would the love of Life be less?
If the love of Life were greater,
Should it hinder gratitude?
Should it make us profligate?
To be sure that God is good?
Let me tell you I am certain
Human longing don't deceive.
O that I could part the curtain,
And the world from doubt reprieve:
For there surely were no hurt in
Knowing more than men believe.

WEST ACTON, MASS.

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Life's an ever-changing thing,
Like the ever-rolling year;
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Spring to Summer yellowing,
This to Autumn mellowing,
Autumn turning cold and sear.

Yet is Life no cheating round,
Like the circuit of a mill
Where a mule but beats the ground
For another's selfish will.
Life's an upward traveler,
And his steps are stages.
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Of the web of ages;
He is but a cavalier
On the lore of sages.

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Finds the Heaven of girls and boys,
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Not that we discern the child
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But, with change of appetite,
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As the heart delights to linger
Where it last was gratified;
So, till death the soul has weaned,
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As if she were choosing it;
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Why should man so long be haunted
With the fear of nothingness?
If the truth of Hope were granted,
Would the love of Life be less?
If the love of Life were greater,
Should it hinder gratitude?
Should it make us profligate
To be sure that God is good?
Let me tell you I am certain
Human longing don't deceive.
O that I could part the curtain,
And the world from doubt relieve:
For there surely were no hurt in
Knowing more than men believe.

WEST ACTON, MASS.

STRANGE FEATS OF MEDIUMSHIP.

HUNTSVILLE, MADISON CO., IND., July 10, 1859.

DEAR SIR: * * * I have induced a few persons here to read the TELEGRAPH, and I am led to believe that the seed which it scattered in their minds has found a good soil. We have also formed a developing circle by the kind assistance of Thomas White, of Ohio, and which we are keeping up once a week. I have myself been developed as a dial medium, which is of infinite satisfaction to me. I can now daily hold "sweet communion" with my friends in the "Spirit land." How much I wish that all mankind would lay aside their prejudices, learn, and enjoy this priceless boon.

We have been favored with a few lectures in this village by Mr. T. White and Wm. Denton, all refreshingly of a reformatory character.

We had also some manifestations of Spirit-presence and power at these gatherings, through the mediumship of a Mr. Vineyard, which produced much surprise in the minds of the more liberally-disposed, and brought down the thunder of our Orthodox brethren. Some affirm that it is the devil, whilst others not so free to acknowledge the power of his Satanic majesty, say that the young man is crazy, or is practicing a deception. At these meetings the Spirits controlling him usually made him preach Orthodox harangues, but at other times made him handle fire, run with the speed of a horse, or leap with the agility of a monkey—running him upon the house-top, etc.

Mr. Vineyard is a young man of some twenty-five years of age, with little or no education, and has for some time resisted the controlling power over himself of the Spirits. His friends relate feats that he has performed which, in my opinion, are equal, if not superior, to any similar manifestations through any other medium now living. I am sure that it is so, so far as my limited knowledge extends.

When controlled, he has wrested a large bar of iron from a railroad train while under full speed, leaped fences with the agility of a deer, and on one occasion, whilst attending a gathering of Spiritualists at Gallatia, Grant county, in this State, when the meeting was disturbed by fifty opposers, who had come to treat them to a mess of eggs, this medium leaped fifteen feet up to a limb on an oak tree, which was seven inches in diameter, and wrested it from the tree. And on another occasion, at the same place, to the great consternation of all who saw him, he climbed, with apparently great ease and speed, to the extreme top of a majestic oak, and gathering a bunch of its branches within his arms, he swayed to and fro, shaking the whole tree, singing all the while. When it was asked if the Spirits would bring him down, he leaped from limb to limb, with the ease of a monkey until he reached the ground in safety.

On another occasion, he threw a five-dollar gold coin into the fire, and after letting it remain there some time, proceeded to take it out with a perfect indifference to the fire. I mention only a few of many such occurrences, as time and space will not permit me to undertake to relate the half. These feats can be attested by a score of witnesses. Mr. Vineyard is a civil, harmless young man, and much respected within the circle in which he moves. It seems to me that if his medium powers were properly developed, he would make a distinguished and useful medium. But even his relatives for a while thought him crazy, whilst his Orthodox friends told him it was the devil, and that he must bid him flee from him, and have thus sorely harassed the young men. Often, when he returns to his normal condition, he will cry like a child, declaring that he can not help it. Of late, he seems to be controlled by spirits from a low plane. If you or any one else can give any advice to this young man, I will willingly consent to be the medium. Yours, THOS. W. COOK.

A COMFORT TO BALD HEADS.—Look around you, before you! Well, what do you see? Nothing but *bald men*, who have all the power, all the weight, all the privilege and influence. All the great bankers are bald—all the diplomatists, all the chief editors, all the principal officers of the army, all the Senators, all the deputies, all the counsellors of State, all the magistrates, even the leaders of orchestras! The most elegant men of Paris are bald; the writers of successful *vaudevilles* are all bald; the porters that let you in and out at great doors are all bald; the Professors are all bald. Where is *la unnesse*, if you look for rank, influence, or power! No! a man with hair on his head is a toy—a mere plaything with an oft-repeated big name. Extremes touch—the first and second childhood is equally out of date, equally decrepit. Baldness is becoming stealthily the sign of power; for every man who thinks hard in these days, *thinks off his hair*. Hail to the BALD-HEAD-OCRACY!—*Paris Letter*.

SHELBURNE DREAM AND APPEARANCE.

We extract, says the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, an interesting record in the "Life of Mary Ann Schimmelpenninck," recently published by Longmans & Co. The story is well told, and appears to be authentic. Probably there are few families who could not furnish us with one equally striking:

"I will close these extracts by one of a different description. At a difference of sixty or more years, I can not vouch for the accuracy of my memory in its subordinate details; but of its substantial correctness I am sure, having frequently heard it from Dr. and Mrs. Priestly, and many years after from the medical man, the late Dr. Allsop, of Calne, who was concerned in it, and whom I met in a very different circle of society.

"While Dr. Priestly occupied the place of librarian to Lord Shelburne, one day, Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestly, his father, Lord Shelburne, being then absent, I think in London. When the Doctor entered, Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and had been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate to Dr. Priestly, hoping that by so doing the painful impression would pass away.

"He then said he dreamed he had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey; he was too ill to sit up, but was carried lying down, into the carriage; his surprise was extreme in seeing carriage after carriage in an almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak; he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession at last wound slowly off. After pursuing the road for many hours towards London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a church. It was the church of High Wycombe, which is the burial-place of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in Mr. Petty's dream, that he entered or rather was carried into the church. He looked back; he saw the procession which followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the semblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke.

"Dr. Priestly told him that the dream was the result of a feverish cold, and that the impression would soon pass off. Nevertheless, he thought it better to send for the family medical attendant. Next day, Mr. Petty was much better; on the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room; but as it was in January, and illness was prevalent, he desired him on no account to leave the house—and with that precaution took his leave.

"Late the next afternoon the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road lay by the gates of Bowood, and, as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty. What was his surprise when he passed the lodge, to see the youth himself, without his hat, playfully running to meet him. He rode toward Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared; whither he knew not, but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The Doctor thought it very extraordinary, but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders, and he rode on to the house; there he learnt that Mr. Petty had just expired.

"I give this anecdote as I heard it, but I know that sometime after it was the occasion of Dr. Priestly's exchanging some letters with the celebrated Mr. John Henderson, the friend of Hannah More, who was well known amidst his great talents to have been a believer in supernatural appearances, and Dr. Priestly was anxious to investigate the ground of that belief with one whose intellect placed him above the suspicion of credulity."

EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

On Wednesday, an investigation took place in the board-room of the Strand Union, Bow-street, before Mr. Bedford, on the body of a man named William Death, aged forty, whose body was found in a complete state of nudity, under the following circumstances: William Atkinson, beadle at the Piazza, Covent Garden, stated that he had for some time known the deceased, but had latterly considered him of weak intellect. On Friday night he (witness) dreamt that deceased had committed suicide by hanging himself in a house in White Hart street. On the following day (Saturday), he became so uneasy that he determined to visit deceased; for the dream had made a deep impression on him. He first, however, went to Mr. Robins' room and told the porter there, who consented to accompany him. On entering the house, No. 3 White Hart street, they called to deceased, but on receiving no answer proceeded to the front door of the first floor, and, on entering, were horrified to see the deceased lying on his face in a corner of the room in a perfect state of nudity, and quite dead. The coroner, in summing up, remarked that the case was one of the most extraordinary ever brought under his notice, but had been made quite clear. The jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.—*London Times*.

SPIRITUALISM.—The doctrine in opposition to the Materialists, that all which exists is spirit or soul; that what is called the external world, is either a succession of notions impressed on the mind by Deity, as maintained by Berkeley, or else the mere educt of the mind itself, as taught by Fichte.

PSYCHE'S PROGRESS;

OR, THE WAY OF A SOUL AFTER DEATH.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

PART FIRST—THE HARBINGER.

Oft, for cursory survey,
Mortals mope amid "decay,"
Talk of age as "growing gray,"
Talk of youth as simply "gay,"
Talk of childhood in its play,
And of botanizing May—
All we should enjoy to-day
As "too beautiful to stay;"
In Progression's upward way—
Only see "Death's blighting away;"
Still recounting pleasures past.
Ever doting on the last;
Like a baby fed to wish,
Clutching still the empty dish;
Or, like mourners at the grave
Of affection's dearest boon.
Blaming God that what he gave
He took back again too soon.

Yet will come an end of sighing:
Man will cease to talk of dying—
Living, growing, rising, soaring,
Yet shall be the general song.
Right in place of conscious wrong,
Prayer will turn to pure adoring.
Only let the Truth appear:
That's the end of mortal fear—
Man will gather earnest cheer.
Every soul that is a seer,
Is at least serene.
Heaven is not a distant sphere,
But the use of Now and Here.
Heaven is near, and very near,
When this truth is seen.

Call not Immortality
Any fixed reality.
Life's an ever-changing thing,
Like the ever-rolling year;
Winter melting into Spring,
Spring to Summer yellowing,
This to Autumn mellowing,
Autumn turning cold and sear.

Yet is Life no cheating round,
Like the circuit of a mill
Where a mule but beats the ground
For another's selfish will.
Life's an upward traveler,
And his steps are stages.
Death is not a raveler
Of the web of ages;
He is but a cavalier
On the lore of sages.

Childhood in its mimic toys
Finds the Heaven of girls and boys,
But, to men and women grown,
These their childish sports disown:
Not that we discern the child
To be cheated and beguiled;
Not that we have not been blest,
But, with change of appetite,
For the old we lose our zest,
And prefer the new delight.

What was our humanity?—
Something like inanity—
Ere the germ of infancy
Found the world of light.
Not a soul that comes to see,
Seeks again the night.
Here's the very reason why
Every mortal dreads to die.

As a baby sucks its finger,
Of its mother-gift denied;
As the heart delights to linger
Where it last was gratified;
So, till death the soul has weaned,
After earthly good is gleaned,
Ignorant of Spirit-birth,
Not at all refusing it,
Infant Psyche clings to Earth.
As if she were choosing it:
Not so careless of true Worth
As afraid of losing it.

Why should man so long be haunted
With the fear of nothingness?
If the truth of Hope were granted,
Would the love of Life be less?
If the love of Life were greater,
Should it hinder gratitude?
Should it make us prodigal?
To be sure that God is good?
Let me tell you I am certain
Human longing don't deceive.
O that I could part the curtain,
And the world from doubt retrieve!
For there surely were no hurt in
Knowing more than men believe.

WEST ACTON, MASS.

NEWS ITEMS.

NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—The Royal Mail steamship *Africa* Captain Shannon, which sailed from Liverpool at three o'clock on the afternoon of July 9, arrived here at four o'clock on Thursday morning of last week. The principal news of interest is that an armistice between France and Austria was signed at Villerfranca, on the 8th inst., by Marshal Vaillant and Baron Hess. Its term is fixed for the 15th of August. It stipulates that commercial vessels without distinction of flag shall be allowed to navigate the Adriatic unmolested. The *London Times* of July 9 says: "With regard to the armistice, there is little to communicate beyond what the public already know. All that seems to be well authenticated is, that the proposal came from France, and was the result of the Emperor's own determination. This fact is indeed highly important. That the Emperor Napoleon should stop short in a career of victory, and make overtures to the foe whom he has defeated in two pitched battles, and hurled back to the limits of Lombardy, argues the moderation or the necessities of the French ruler. We can hardly believe that the latter have been the cause of this sudden resolve." The *Paris Moniteur*, in publishing the official dispatch, appends the following remarks: "It is necessary that the public should not misunderstand the extent of the armistice. It is limited merely to a relaxation of hostilities between the belligerent armies, which, though leaving the field open for negotiations, does not enable us, for the present, to see how the war may be terminated." The armistice had given rise to a variety of speculations in the English papers. The *London Times* believes in peace, and remarks that "Before the truce has ended, the French army will be refreshed and reinforced. A fleet of gunboats will be ready for launching upon the lake that surrounds Mantua, and a great army will be ready to make its descent upon the shores of Northern Italy. Broken and dispirited as Austria now is, she is yet better able to fight at this moment than she will be at any future time. We believe, therefore, in peace, and we believe that the path to peace will be made smooth to her, for the Emperor has won the advantage which for the moment he proposes to himself. If this war between France and Austria is ended, France comes tremendous in power out of the conflict, and Austria and Europe will look on with still increasing interest, much meditating upon the future, while she rests upon her arms." The *London Post* inclines to think that the proposition for an armistice came from the moderation of the Emperor of the French, and is of opinion that Austria will consent to sacrifice her Italian sway, and thus end the war.

Later—Peace!—Since the above was put in type, and just as we were about going to press, the news came that a peace has been concluded between the French and Austrian powers. Particulars next week.

MR. LA MOUNTAIN is at Watertown, N. Y., reconstructing the balloon *Atlantic*, for an ascension from that place August 11. Parties from New York are there, and propose to place in his hands any amount not exceeding \$20,000, for the immediate construction of a new balloon for the trans-Atlantic voyage this season.

The ship *Atlantic*, which cleared from New Bedford July 20th, for the Indian Ocean, was seized the day following by the United States Government, on suspicion of going on a voyage for slaves to the coast of Africa.

A SPECIAL dispatch to the *St. Louis Bulletin* says that the bill of Rights before the Kansas Constitutional Convention provides that no distinction shall be made between aliens and citizens in relation to the possession of property; also, that slavery shall not be allowed in the State. The dispatch also states that a decided majority of the Convention favor instructions to the Supreme Judges to disregard the fugitive slave law, and that provisions be made for a homestead law, embracing one hundred and sixty acres.

The California Overland Mail reached Jefferson City, Mo., July 19, with San Francisco dates of the 27th ult. The town of Lehama had been destroyed by fire. The loss was estimated at \$100,000. On the 25th ult., forty-three convicts escaped from the State Prison.

The long contested India-rubber case, involving the title to the Goodyear patent for the manufacture and sale of elastic vulcanized rubber goods, has been announced in favor of Horace H. Day, by a decree of the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore. It was, we understand, rendered upon a first full hearing of all the pleadings and proofs, and gives Mr. Day the monopoly throughout the United States of the manufacture, importation and sale of these peculiar fabrics.

BAYARD TAYLOR goes out to California in the steamer of the 5th of August, under engagement with the San Francisco Mercantile Library Society to deliver four lectures in the metropolis of the Pacific. He will be absent about three months, and will probably lecture in Sacramento and the principal towns in the mining region.

The *Banner and Whig*, of Nashville, Tenn., says, "That the evidences that the Democracy of the South are preparing to compromise the South, by putting forth Stephen A. Douglas as their candidate for the Presidency in 1860, are becoming more apparent every day."

A **TORNADO** on Sunday evening, July 17, destroyed eight of the spans of the railway bridge at Decatur, Tenn. Loss, \$150,000.

The decree of Juarez, which confiscates the Church property of Mexico, consists of twenty-five articles, and is signed by all his Ministers.

A **MAN** calling his name John Smith was discovered about twelve o'clock, on the evening of July 18, at work upon the vault of the Housatonic Bank, in Stockbridge, Mass. He was under the building, directly under the vault, and had almost effected an entrance. He said he had worked every night for three weeks, and expected to obtain the prize the following evening. He is now in Lenox jail.

PULPIT EXCHANGES.—Rev. Mr. Miner, of the School-street Universalist Church, preached for Rev. E. E. Hale, yesterday, with great acceptance. A Methodist preached in another Unitarian pulpit in Boston yesterday, being the second minister of that denomination who has officiated in the same church within three months. The Unitarian pastor preached for his Methodist neighbor.—*Boston Trans.*, 20th.

JOSEPH FRANCIS OSCAR I. King of Sweden, died at Stockholm, June 8. He was born July 4, 1799, married a daughter of the Duke of Leuchtenberg in 1825, and ascended the throne in 1844. He was a son of the famous Marshal Bernadotte.

SINGULAR CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

We are happy to put on record the following, and to ask everybody who is liable to be bitten by a rabid dog to remember it, and to impart the same to any suffering neighbor:

A remarkable case of hydrophobia came to our knowledge a few days ago, and may be of interest, inasmuch as it suggests the possibility of a cure.

Almost twenty years ago a man named Clark, who resides in Jamestown, Ky., a little town about three miles from this city, was bitten by a dog which proved to be rabid, and in a short time afterward was taken with the most violent symptoms of that terrible disease.

The malady, (which, as is well known, sometimes exists in the system for a number of years—one or two cases are known of twenty years standing—before it makes its appearance in all its violence,) did not, in this instance, prove immediately fatal, and by the exertions of the physicians and his friends, the spasms were for a short time allayed, and the patient obtained a good degree of health.

A few days, however, only elapsed when he again received a recurrence of his disposition to bite and snap, together with the hatred of water, and a spasmodic contraction of the throat, by which the disease is characterized, and he had a severe and more violent attack than the first, during which even the physicians who attended him gave up the case as hopeless, and left him to die.

By some means, however, the fact came to the knowledge of some person who had heard—from what source we can not tell—that a medicine known to Botanic Physicians as the Third Preparation, had been found beneficial in such cases, and he was recommended to try it. His friends, who had no hope that he would be saved, at first thought it would be kindness to allow death to end his misery, and refused to make any attempt to farther prolong an existence which, if preserved, could only keep all by whom he was surrounded in constant fear of being contaminated, and in danger of violence from their patient and friend.

After much deliberation they at length concluded to try the experiment, and procured some of the medicine we have named, which is composed of capsicum and the tinctures of lobelia and myrrh, and making it very strong of the tinctures, gave it to him in sufficient doses to produce a thorough emetic. He threw from his stomach a large quantity of frothy mucus, and from that moment the spasms ceased, and there was also a relief from the other more prominent symptoms of the disease. He grew gradually better as his treatment was continued, and at length became able to attend to his duties, which he has done with but slight intermission ever since.

Almost every day, although we believe he has not been confined to his bed, there has been a recurrence of the disease, which, however, has been promptly checked by the same means which wrought such a miraculous change in the first instance. He now attends to his business daily, and when this contraction of the throat makes its appearance, he doses himself largely with the preparation, which he keeps continually about him, and immediately upon this discharge from the stomach, becomes well.

Among the numerous cases of this terrible disease, which occur every season in large cities, where no prospect is left for the escape of the sufferer from what is even more to be feared than death itself, if one could thus be saved from all the writhing agony and pain of even one day which is spent at the mercy of those spasms, which are its peculiarity, our purpose in making this publication will have been attained.

The story, as we have related it, is strictly true in every particular, and, as the medicine may be obtained at any drug store in the country, its use may prevent a great deal of suffering, and probably save many a life. At all events the case is worthy of note, as showing that although the virus may not be eradicated from the system, it at least may be controlled in its effects.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

PAPA, WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER? AND WHAT DOES IT CONTAIN?

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy,
Whatever it be,
They hit on the key,
And pipe in full concert, away, my boy.
News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of flying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.
Articles able and wise, my boy,
At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,
A logic so grand
That few understand
To what in the world it applies, my boy.
Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,
And lengthy debate
Upon matters of state,
For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy.
The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy,
The state of the crops,
The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.
Lists of all physical ills, my boy,
Banished by somebody's pills, my boy,
Till you ask with surprise,
Why any one dies,
Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy,
Who has got married, to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
Who has had birth
On this sorrow-stained earth,
And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy.
The prices of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and to drain, my boy,
But 'twould take me too long
To tell you in song
A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE COST OF WAR.

When we divest war of the heroic and chivalric associations which unfortunately give it a charm to man, from the romantic element that is a portion of every man's composition, and bring it down to a mere question of profit and loss, expenses and receipts, we shall find that war is a wasteful amusement, and a luxury that should be too dear for the richest nation to indulge in. The cost of the present war, and the material necessary to carry it on, may be roughly estimated from the details of the supply of men, ammunition, provender, etc., which were sent to the French army in the Crimea. At the present time such calculations are interesting, and we are enabled to give these details, which have been furnished by the Minister of war in France, M. Vaillant.

The whole force sent by France to the Black Sea was 309,268 soldiers, and 41,974 horses; of the former, 70,000 were killed or died in the hospitals, or were otherwise missing. It is considered that 93,000 were wounded and survived. Of the horses, only 9,000 returned to France. The great guns, howitzers, etc., were 644, besides 603 furnished by the navy. The light artillery for field service furnished 500 guns more, and in all there were 4,800 wheel vehicles for cannon sent from France. The missiles of death, too, were fearfully vast; 2,000,000 of shells and of cannon balls, 10,000,000 pounds of gunpowder, and 66,000,000 of ball cartridges. One hundred batteries and fifty miles of trench were constructed, besides ten miles of defensive works, and five miles of subterranean galleries in the solid rock.

The food sent from France, besides items of smaller quantities, was 30,000,000 pounds of biscuit; 96,000,000 of flour, equal to 450,000 barrels; 7,000,000 pounds of preserved beef; 14,000,000 pounds of salt beef and lard; 8,000,000 pounds of rice; 4,500,000 pounds of coffee; 6,000,000 pounds of sugar; 10,000 head live cattle; 2,500,000 gallons of wine, and nearly 1,000,000 pounds of Chollet's preserved vegetables were among the larger items of supplies. The horse feed, too, was immense: 170,000,000 pounds (equal to 85,000 tons) of hay; 180,000,000 pounds (90,000 tons) of oats and barley; 20,000 tons coal, charcoal, and coke. There were 150 ovens to bake bread, and 140 presses to press hay. The clothing was another branch of large supply, comprising garments in such hundreds of thousands that it would be tedious to enumerate them; but as some clue to the matter, the number ranged from 250,000 to 350,000 of each article of clothing. For the piercing cold of the Crimea, there were 15,000 sheepskin paletots, 250,000 sheepskin gaiters, and tents for 250,000 men. The harness and farriery departments present an immense quantity of supplies; among them were 80,000 horse-shoes, and 6,000,000 horse-shoe nails.

In nothing do the French so much excel as in hospital arrangements. They sent 27,000 bedsteads for invalids, as many mattresses, and 40,000 coverlets. There was the material for ambulance for 24,000 sick men, and 600 cases of instruments, and 70,000 pounds (350 tons) of lint, bandages, and dressings of various kinds. Then for the sick there were the most liberal supplies for their sustenance, such as concentrated milk, essence of bouillon, granulated gluten, etc. The money expended at the seat of war was \$56,000,000. Marshal Vaillant also tells of the vast maritime preparations for conveying the army and its supplies over the sea. Among the vessels employed between France and the Crimea, though not stated in the report, were 40,000 tons of American shipping, embracing some of the finest and largest clipper vessels, as well as some steamers of the American mercantile marine, and for whose services a liberal compensation was made.—Taking the totality of all the voyages made by all the men, horses and materials, there were conveyed by the French government during the two and a half years of the war, 550,000 men, 50,000 horses, and 720,000 tons materials.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Lamartine Hall, cor. 8th Avenue and 29th-street.

Rev. T. C. Benning will lecture next Sunday mornlug, rt half past 10 o'clock.

Regular meetings every Sunday. Morning, preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones; afternoon, conference or lecture; evening, circle for trance speakers.

Mrs. Spence's Lectures.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture at Providence, R. I., on Sunday next, the 31st instant; at Willimantic, Conn., on the 1st and 2d Sundays in August. Invitations may be addressed to either of those places, or to 534 Broadway, New York.

Miss Amelia Jenny Dods.

This young lady, whose lectures on Spiritualism made such a favorable impression on the Brooklynites last winter, is prepared to respond to the calls of those who desire her services in the lecturing field. She may be addressed No. 62 Laurence street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. P. Ambler

Will speak at Salem, July 31st; and at Providence, the first three Sundays of August. Correspondents will please govern themselves accordingly.

Miss Hardinge's Movements.

Emma Hardinge will conclude her summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Owego, Schenectady, etc. In September Miss Hardinge will start for the West. South and North,—speaking in October at St. Louis, in November at Memphis, and in December at New Orleans. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia in March, 1860. Address till next October, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

National Convention of Spiritualists.

A national Spiritualists' Convention will be held at Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August next. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, will preside. Judge Edmonds, N. P. Tallmadge, Prof. Brittan, A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge, and Mrs. Hatch will be among the speakers.

Gerrit Smith's Discourse.

Gerrit Smith's great discourse on the "Religion of Reason," as published in the *Daily Tribune* of Saturday last, will be read at a public meeting to be held for the purpose at Clinton Hall, corner of Atlantic and Clinton streets, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, July 27th, commencing at eight o'clock, precisely. Come one, come all.

